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JULY, 1968

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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PENN

COVER: Opening Vogue's forecast, Lauren Hutton and the look of one elaborate design worn over another—gold-braided blue weskit of Cone cotton velveteen lined in furry white Enka rayon; braid-collared slash-sleeved shirt of Crepeset nylon (Collins & Aikman fabrics). Costume, with matching velveteen skirt; Michael Mott for Paraphernalia; shown again, page 42. Heaps of beads: gold by Monet (Lord & Taylor), blue from Greek Island Boutique, and a Mimi di N pin (Paraphernalia).... Colour over colour on the lips: Taste of Honey over Pink Pecan—new Almay hypo-allergenic lipsticks. Ara Gallant coif; Joseph Fleischer fall.

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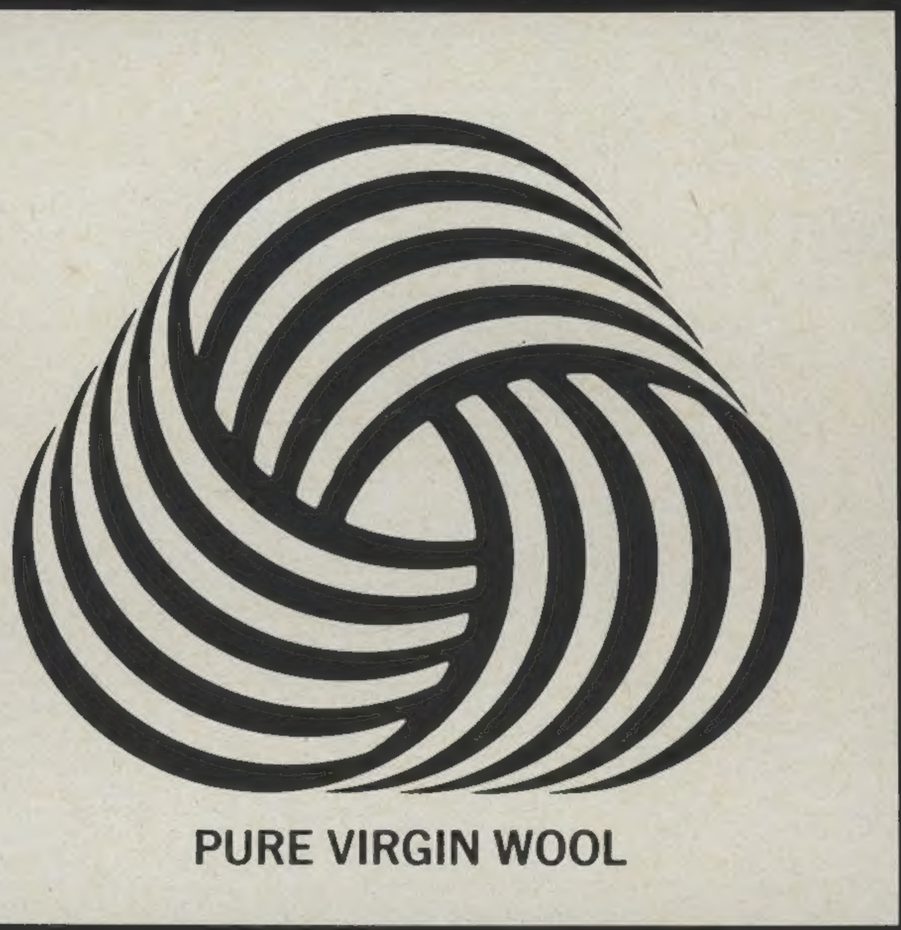
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

July

Orders of the bath: 1. Scenery

Your bath, its scenery. Watch it. It's part of the salubrity. One more nurse's aid to help Your Bath, the Doctor—that lovable therapist explored on page 82. Plants and cut flowers, of course. "A well-lit bathroom, with its steam and humidity, is about as close as you can come to greenhouse climate," said one bathroom gardener, whose African Violet collection seems to adore its bathroom address. . . . The hand-shower so ubiquitous in Europe is settling into American tubs—for shampooing and for post-bath allover lick and polish. It is shaped like a wall telephone—another good thing to have nearby if the telephone and bath life tend to occupy the same time slot. . . . Ceiling lighting systems are incorporating ultra-violet sun lamps for tanning—and infrared heat lamps for comforting. (The Howard Johnson Motor Lodges have the latter as standard equipment in most of their motels across this land. So do such extra-continental splendours as the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel in Hawaii and the Lyford Cay Club in Nassau, Bahamas.) . . . Micheline Lerner's new pink and blue Empire bath has the pleasure of being looked down upon by two gold and silver candelabra, the original of which looked down upon Madame Récamier. Lighting fixtures from Italy, thought to be Venetian, known to be taken from old varicoloured paperweights, illumine Carol de Portago's art-clad bathing room. . . . On the table beside Carol Channing's tub there is, in addition to bath attendants, a European music box in charge of some tunes that Miss Channing likes to say "Hello" to. . . . Mica Ertegün's new bath faces a warming fireplace. And Merle Oberon de Pagliai's pink marble bathing quarters, recently re-ceilinged with pale-pink local shells, offer a soul-nourishing view of Acapulco Bay. . . .

Orders of the bath: 2. Cool and luke

Cold, tepid, hot? Each has its claque, each its specific functions in an adventuresome bather's life. But for the general relaxing, restorative bath, tepid gets the 1968 doctorate. What is tepid? The kind of warm called luke. Body temperature—98.6°. Or any temperature in the 90° to 100° territory that feels like you'd like to feel, right there and then. (A bath thermometer does well here. Run the water, insert thermometer in tub, and let *it*—instead of your hand—keep you advised on the Fahrenheit.) This mood of water, followed by a cooler splash or a brisk rubdown, cuts nervous and muscular tension; is almost foolproof dejangling. . . . The trouble with really cold water, 75° or thereabouts, is that it acts to contract blood vessels and pores and shortly leaves the bather feeling uncomfortably hot. It is the least efficient cleanser, and not necessarily the ideal alarm clock. Just the sheer water pressure of a shower is enough of a rouser for you not to Look Back in Languor. . . . The trouble with really hot water, 102° and up, is that it taxes the system, is no friendly guru to a tricky heart or an obesity case. In addition to which: it has the infamous reputation of possibly causing an increase in the spidery-looking capillaries near the surface of the skin. And that, we can tell you, is enough to keep our good eye directed flinchlessly to the bath thermometer. . . .

Orders of the bath: 3. Gild a body with a Lilly

With a Lilly dress. With a new Lilly anti-sun ploy: a white piqué tennis visor sunbonnet, shading the face of redheaded Dita Naylor-Leland. With Lilly's new flowered cotton hipster pants. And with Lilly's spectacular Perfume No. 1—pure "navy-blue twilight," one devotée described it as. Pretty twilight that comes in an orange purse atomizer, $8.50, which lasts, we are advised, for a busy fortnight. . . . Mrs. Pulitzer splashes her own Perfume No. 1 allotment in her bath, (lukewarm, naturally), where she finds it quite conciliatory with muscles irked by tennis. Something else she gilds with it: her brushes; enough in the rinsing water to linger pleasantly until brushes get gilded with next shampoo. . . .

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The fall is another winner, especially if you're caught in sun or storm. When the gang decides that the Paradiso is the place to dance at high noon and you've been sunning, sweating and swimming, just pull this out from your beach bag and go.



The Shirley Curly wig is probably the biggest fashion to hit heads this year. It's washable. It can be done in a fluff of angel curls or brushed into smooth waves that permanently survive rain, sun, sleet, wind. *Really.*

One globetrotting female of our acquaintance says she flings her wig on a lamp at 2 AM and brushes it into shape the next morning a lot faster than she can brush herself. She rolls it up and tucks it into a shoe to arrive in *Portofino* or *Kabul* as chic as all getout.

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See how these little tinctures of color make *pale* hands look paler. Prettier. On the other hand, think of 'fingertints' worn with a *tan*. (There's something surprisingly *sexy* about nearly-naked nails against a sun-bronzed skin.)

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Young Radicals, "*lively college radical*"

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,/But to be young was very heaven!" So Wordsworth remembered *his* youthful enthusiasm for the French Revolution—and never gave an inch to the youthful radicals who came after him. The trouble with the parent or teacher of a lively college radical today is that the middle-aged are "modern" and are all too likely to have been rebels themselves in the thirties or forties. They fondly push at "post-modern" kids a style that doesn't work any more, ideas they themselves no longer believe in. This can be very hard on those who are wholly and simply young *now*—for youthful radicals tend to come from families with some tradition of radicalism.

This is one of several connections between once-radical parents in Kenneth Keniston's patient and accomplished *Young Radicals: Notes on Committed Youth* (Harcourt, Brace & World). Dr. Keniston, a Yale psychologist who sounds easy to talk to, worked up many case histories of the New Left during the summer of 1967: his book, based on family relationships, shows how basic tides of human emotion can express themselves as political struggle, revolt, comradeship—how, in families with strong political and moral allegiances, these very allegiances lead to youthful disagreement, disapproval, condemnation.

There is so much shallow nonsense talked about the "generation gap" that it is moving to see how often it is the *closeness* between the generations that, in violently changing times, the young have to protect themselves against. The middle-aged can admit with pain that the "institutionalization of hypocrisy" gets built into every drive toward success. The young are determined not to get caught, to be young forever. Poignant. But the young do see the discrepancy between "creed and deed," and they recognize that the price of being "modern" is still a certain ambivalence. So the parents are always in view; even when they don't sell out, their values can become a family legacy which the young have to repudiate lest it overwhelm *them*. Dr. Keniston shows that the typical young radical is likely to feel "special" because he thinks his family is. Such families tend to be more "moral," more value-conscious, more "serious" than others. But in our time of incessant, virtually incalculable change, the young, who are not yet immobilized by status and property, at least try to stay clear, to move with the rushing tide of history. They are oriented wholly to the future. Where else will basic change come from?

These young radicals began by feeling spiritually repressed, were consciously starved for a more humane economic system and for more direct personal relationships. They are generally without ideology; their political thinking is loose, improvised, seeks the dynamic in every situation rather than fixed goals; they identify with the poorest, the most deprived, the untouchables of American society, because these are the potentially radical forces. Leaving the family for the "movement," they try to *move* with events, to get ahead of middle-class, middle-aged thinking. They see that both major American political parties seek control of existing political institutions, but that neither seriously attempts to transform the character or the values of the electorate. Above all, they are aware that "the technology of death has hung like a sword over the lives of the post-modern generation" and that the issue of violence, to *this* generation, is what the issue of sex was to us "moderns."

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

The Art of the Real: USA, 1948-1968

Can one kind of art be more "real" than another kind? Apparently so, according to E. C. Goossen, organizer of the present Museum of Modern Art exhibition in New York, "The Art of the Real: USA, 1948-68." Goossen's thesis, roughly, is that recent American art has rejected the idealistic, symbolic, and metaphysical aesthetics of European modernism (Cubism, Constructivism, and Expressionism) in favour of concrete, irreducible, literal, and consequently more "real" experience of a direct confrontation with the art work as a sensible object in the world. Others have hinted that there is some coherent principle uniting the seemingly diverse styles of the sixties, but this is the first time that anyone has attempted to spell it out as explicitly as Mr. Goossen, chairman of the Hunter College art department.

Because "The Art of the Real" raises many problematical issues, such as the central issue of the relationship of painting to sculpture in the sixties, the exhibition promises to be the most controversial in a long time. And it is an exhibition infinitely superior to the many spurious "theme" shows museums seem to feel pressed to mount; because, to my mind, there is no doubt that Goossen has focused on the decisive and original elements of the art of the sixties. This was hard to do.

Just getting things straight and showing work by some of our best abstract painters and sculptors, particularly those of a "minimalist" bent, was a job that merits applause. But the selection of works is by no means uniform in quality and reflects the organizer's personal taste to a degree that leaves it open to criticism on several levels. The thesis of the show allows the omission of any kind of painterly painting, although Ray Parker, Jasper Johns, Mark Rothko, and Clyfford Still, who are included, are nominally "painterly." But important sixties artists, Al Held for one, and such artists of the Los Angeles School as Ron Davis, Larry Bell, and Robert Irwin are absent.

On the other hand, although one welcomes any opportunity to view the work of Georgia O'Keeffe, her connection to the exhibition is not established firmly enough in the catalogue to warrant her inclusion in this context. Undoubtedly, there are important ties between earlier American abstraction and current American art that need to be spelled out; but Goossen merely hints at them in the brief text that accompanies the show.

"The Art of the Real" is a courageous and challenging show that puts forth a coherent critical view of recent American art with which I am in great sympathy. In this passage, Goossen points out the basic difference between the "new aesthetic," as I've called it elsewhere, and older European art:

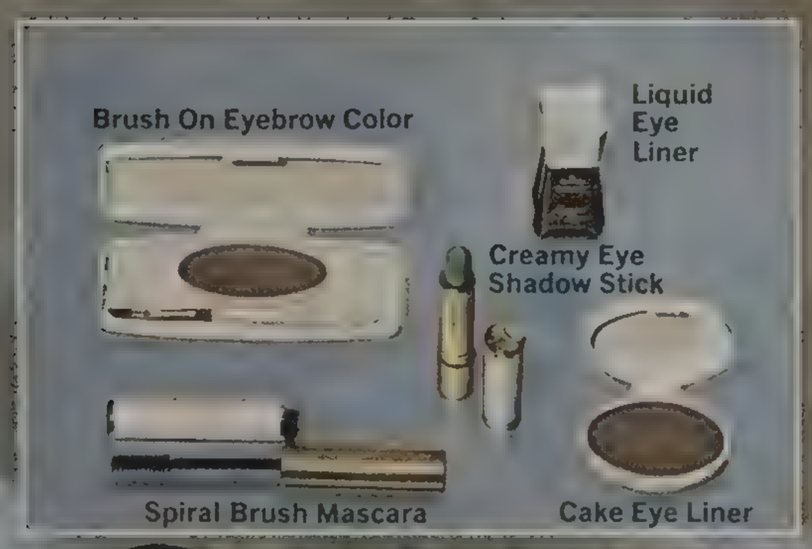
"The new attitude has been turning art inside out: instead of perceptual experience being accepted as the means to an end, it has become the end in itself. The Renaissance artist laboured over perspective in order to create an illusion of space within which he could make believable the religious and philosophical ideals of his time; the contemporary artist labours to make art itself believable."

This is the heart of what is at stake in the art of the sixties; even if it causes one to draw some rather pessimistic conclusions about the ability of the religious and philosophical ideals of our time to carry conviction, it must be seen as the central theme of contemporary American art.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Education

BY DONALD BARR

Teachers—"*chastity of the head*"

One of the most surprising of recent changes in American schools has been the militancy of teachers. They have struck in Florida, Albuquerque, San Francisco, Oklahoma City, Pittsburgh, and Montgomery County, Maryland. The American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), with 170,000 members, has always been aggressive; but the National Education Association, with over a million, has always been a model of pious and reactionary timidity. Now, suddenly, NEA has been leading strikes in a style indistinguishable from AFT's, and its president has cheerfully predicted three hundred walkouts in 1968.

It is not hard to understand the economic grievances of teachers. Salaries have risen (about 60 per cent in ten years), but so have prices. What the youngish teacher can really buy in the way of material dignity has not increased very much, while all around him there is a queer, bright look of affluence in American middle-class life, or in the counterfeits of that life he and his wife see on television, in print, and above all in advertisements. When he compares himself with his doctor, he finds himself shabby genteel. Most school strikes have taken place not where everyone is poor, but in or near communities where there are conspicuous groups of people who have, with education no better than the teachers' own, recently *made it*.

The teachers are going to win their economic battle. American communities have the power to tax but not the power to make anyone work against his will. Where money is concerned, militancy is logical. But the economic issues are not the only ones. The militants have three other sets of demands: (1) A very *industrial*-kind of job security. The school's standards of teaching limited to what can be spelled out in a negotiated contract. Shop stewards, grievance proceedings, et cetera. (2) Fuller recognition as professionals. "Faculty" participation, college-style, in the making of educational policy. (3) Better community support for schools, not just for salaries. Smaller classes. Better facilities and materials. Extra help for "ghetto" children. Integration.

Some of these are substantive, or "gut," demands. Some are made to be traded off in negotiation. Some are merely the rhetoric of social holiness. It is not so clear which are which, and they seem puzzlingly inconsistent. How can teachers be both fungible labourers and responsible professionals? How can they win faculty prerogative by teamsters' tactics? But consistency is only a kind of chastity of the head; the times do not regard it much. We have a cringing power élite, violent pacifists, jaded children. In such a reality, the teachers can probably win all their demands, and probably will. The logic of institutions will reveal itself later.

Collective bargaining tends to divide power between the two final entities, the Union and the Board. The professional leadership, caught between, can compete and squabble within itself; it can not create new realities. The company president can fire four vice-presidents but not one lathe operator. The school principal in his turn will find his staffing insights more and more foreclosed, his supervision limited more and more to helpless skulking, and himself turned into a technician. The depersonalization of a school always starts with the replacement of a man by a technique at the top; and it leaves even the most powerful faculty somehow alienated and stifled, and the students filled with contempt. But all that comes later. For the moment, progress.

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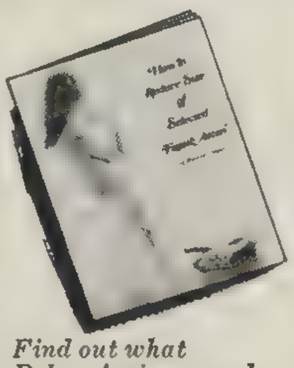
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

War and Peace, "*striking images*"

The latest film version of *War and Peace* has so much in it that is beautiful and stirring that it may seem perverse to qualify one's praise of it. The trouble is that, although half a loaf is better than no bread to a very hungry man, it is a provocation to offer one to a gourmet who knows that he could just as well be getting four superb dishes that are ready to serve out in the kitchen. When the Soviet actor and director Sergei Bondarchuk was given permission to film Tolstoy's panoramic novel about Russia's war with Napoleon, he decided that four full-length movies would be needed to do it justice.

Those four self-contained films are collectively the new Russian version of *War and Peace*, and it would have been a fine thing if they had been brought here to speak for themselves. But they haven't been, and what the American public is now getting is not Bondarchuk's intelligent and powerful interpretation of Tolstoy's great work, but something with dubbed-in voices that should, if the truth were to be told, be called "Sidney Katz's Highlights from War and Peace." Mr. Katz has taken Bondarchuk's four independent films and has carpentered them into a two-part feature which has many of the characteristics of a trailer.

On the literary side the film has the defect of being more or less incomprehensible to anyone who doesn't know the novel well, and on the cinematic side it has that of an almost complete disorganization of scale and tempo. Mr. Katz's theory is that the leisurely pace of Bondarchuk's four movies would be unacceptable to American audiences so, in the words of his publicity handouts, he has by "highly selective editing, accelerated the pace of the film closer to that of American films." This means that he cross cuts frantically from episode to episode, and frequently cuts into a scene before its development is complete and its meaning apparent, with the result that the pace of the action is jazzed up tremendously.

As the tempo of the acting within the cut episodes remains unchanged, the actors often appear to be behaving in a curiously numbed and wooden fashion. Sidney Katz has simply destroyed the time scheme to which Sergei Bondarchuk's direction and the performances of the actors were geared. In the few instances in which sequences are played out to something like their planned length—as in the cases of the duel scene in which Pierre Bezuhov shoots down Dolohov in the snow, of Pierre's talk with Andrei Bolkonsky on the eve of the battle of Borodino, and of Pierre's comic involuntary proposal to Helene Kuragin, one sees the very high level of both direction and acting.

But when the worst has been said against the Sidney Katz version, the wealth of striking and beautiful images created by Bondarchuk and his cameramen remains. The battle scenes are incomparably the best ever filmed, filled with the sinister beauty that war has since lost, and genuinely exciting. The thrilling flow of the mass of French cavalry going into action at Austerlitz is truly memorable. There is a glorious wolf hunt and there is a wild troika race across snow-covered fields—in short, everything that there should be in a filmed *War and Peace* is done. The cast —perfectly and gorgeously costumed—is unchallengeable, from its enchanting Natasha (Ludmila Savelyeva) through its regiments of handsome men, and on to the splendidly bear-like General Kutuzov of Professor Boris Zahava.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Eurythmy, "*movement set to speech*"

What young person does not wish to change the world completely? Whether he does this through the arts or through meditation is finally irrelevant. What matters is to change the cosmos, to question the taken-for-granted, to discover an answer that will justify anyone's quest for an inner and outer order and harmony. Today, among the possible answers, Eurythmy seems to be on the upsurge.

Eurythmy is not new. It has been taught and practised for years in all the Rudolf Steiner schools throughout the world. This Austrian philosopher's method is one which holds to the notion that the movements of the body can, in essence, lead to an understanding of life. These days this philosophy, like Yoga, has engaged the imagination of the young, who see in its disciplined appreciation of movement, speech, and music an expression of man at one with his universe.

Eurythmy must not be mistaken for dance. It must be thought of as a physical language in which the elements of sound and movement are subtly combined to form a heightened, more abstract form of expression. It supposedly places one in closer touch with oneself. From the spectator's point of view, Eurythmy has been summed up in this way: "As the spoken word works upon the ear, so does Eurythmy appeal to the eye, as a succession of movements, especially of the arms and hands, but also, if only by way of suggestion, of the entire body. Eurythmy is the expression of the soul mediated through sight. . . ."

Put in simple terms, Eurythmy, a staged presentation, is movement set to speech, the speech in the form of poetry. A speaker comes on stage and begins to recite a poem. The moment he begins to speak, a single person or a group comes on stage and starts moving to the recitation of the poem. The primary aim of the Eurythmists is not to express so much the intellectual content of a poem as to produce a living picture of its musical element.

Among the most dedicated practitioners of Eurythmy, Sabina Nordoff and Daisy Aldan have embarked on a crusade to bring Eurythmy into the open. Mrs. Nordoff, as a guest artist, has demonstrated Eurythmy at Sarah Lawrence College, at Adelphi University on Long Island, at the Threefold Farm in Spring Valley, New York, and at High Mowing School in New Hampshire. A prize-winning poet and translator, Miss Aldan has just returned from a year in Dornach, Switzerland, seat of one of the world's best-known Eurythmy schools.

Both Mrs. Nordoff and Miss Aldan have given Eurythmy recitals in New York and in other places, where they report astonishing response. "To watch Eurythmy is to understand how a poem can be lifted from the grave of the printed page and become living," Miss Aldan said.

The teaching of Eurythmy is based on study and an intuitive sense for language. Mrs. Nordoff said that most people have a natural sense for the gestures of Eurythmy—but these gestures must be learned and practised. "The Eurythmist must follow the laws of gestures," she said, "just as the poet or musician, the reciter or interpretive artist, must follow the laws of speech and notes. But the way in which a movement for a sound is made will depend on its association with other sounds and on the mood or imagery of music or poetry. The Eurythmist is free precisely because he works with inherent laws."



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Money

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

How Deadly Are Deficits?

At about $25,000 per year, we are told, an American family stops thinking about a budget. One of the blessings of affluence is to be able to spend without worrying. Even then, the family must be concerned broadly to match income and outgo. Credit will go only so far. In our private affairs, therefore, a budget constraint is ever present, whether we live on a budget or no.

Does the same rule apply to Federal Government? One of the hardiest errors in economic thinking is to liken the American people to one big happy family. They are in some respects, but definitely not in others. The Federal budget is one of the others.

The Federal Government should run its budget to fit the needs of the economy, not its own. When the people are spending more, the Government should spend less. When for some reason the people are not spending, the Government should use its credit to make up the difference. There will be a deficit, but the deficit will protect jobs. Ups and downs in private spending can make people unemployed, or make it impossible to find people to fill job vacancies. The Federal Government should smooth things out, keep the economy on an even keel, prevent both unemployment and overheating. So far, the rule book.

The rules are fine. What happens when they get mixed up with politics is another matter. We are living it right now. The economy is overheated, prices are going up. The book says that the Government should now run a surplus. Instead, the Government has barely started reducing a huge deficit. For many months, the politicians fiddled while the economy burned.

In a less enlightened age, an earlier edition of the rule book said that the budget should always be balanced. It took the Great Depression of the 1930s to demonstrate the error. In 1946, the Employment Act was passed, calling on the Government to use its budget to stabilize the economy. Deficits repeatedly were used to that end, as in 1949, 1954, and 1958.

Then came the tax cut of 1964 to fight high unemployment. People who did not know the old called it the New Economics. The timing was right. The amount, however, was probably too large. The success of the 1964 tax cut generated an altogether too relaxed attitude toward deficits in Washington.

So it happened that when the tempo of the economy stepped up, the budget got out of step. The war made it worse. Cutting taxes had been popular, so politicians did not want to raise them. The bills for this new economic delinquency are now being rendered; over every supermarket and department store counter we have inflation.

The basic rule for the use of deficits and surpluses is still good. Could it be too good for this world? Must we, in order to avoid gross economic misconduct, tie ourselves to the superstition of the ever-balanced budget and suffer its de-stabilizing consequences? I hope not. If rationality prevails, we shall learn to take our tax-hike medicine when we need it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Henry C. Wallich, professor of economics at Yale University, has been head of the Foreign Research Division of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and one of the three men on President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers; his books include* The Cost of Freedom, *a defense of modern capitalism.*



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Mexican beat at the Heart of America Ball, in New York



1

A *piñata* of a party, the Heart of America Ball spilled a cache of surprises—all Mexican. Five hundred guests swept into the Waldorf-Astoria to find the Sert Room a *plazita* in fiesta. Storms of flowers—red, pink, and floppy—papered the murals; and papier-mâché doves winged from white hanging baskets. For the round tables clothed in red and pink, Mrs. Joseph A. Neff—who gave the decorations—found, in Mexico, painted roosters and tall tin candelabra for tapers of waxy oleander blossoms. No rackety troupe of silver-braided *mariachi,* but Lester Lanin's boys ripped into "Guadalajara" for dancers between such spicy courses as avocado soup, Yucatan chicken with red-almond sauce, creamed cactus, and Veracruz flambéed crêpes.

After dinner, at the raffle the big wins included a parcel of ranch land at Fortin de la Flores, given by Señor Antonio Ruiz Galindo, junior; and a silver-mounted charro saddle given by Señor Justo Fernandez. Three couples drew flights to Acapulco; others, jewels, paintings, a Borgward car, a grand piano, and a Caribbean cruise. This super ball celebrated, above all, Mexican and American support for *the* fund that holds the heart.

1. The ball in the Sert Room which looked like a plaza in a Mexican village. 2. Mrs. William C. Langley, Chairman of the Ball, and H. E. Hugo B. Margain, Ambassador to the United States from Mexico. 3. Mr. George Woods, Señora Eustaquio Escandon. 4. Señora Gonzalo Garita. 5. Mr. Wallace S. Whittaker and Señora Florencio Gavito. 6. Her Highness the Begum Aga Khan. 7. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, III; Mrs. Center Hitchcock. 8. Señora Fernando Diez Barrosco, Señora Mercedes Azcarate. 9. Count Vega del Ren and Mrs. William Hitchcock. 10. Señor Arturo Pani and Mrs. Aileen Plunket.



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VOGUE'S

The buoyant Feather Ball—in New York

1





2



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3



4

1. Mrs. Iva S. V.-Patcévitch and Mrs. Preston H. Long. 2. Mr. Deane Johnson and Mrs. Anne M. Ford,

5



6



NOTEBOOK



7

Chairman of the Ball. 3. Mrs. Alexander Liberman and Mrs. Richard L. Harris, Co-Chairmen of the Ball. 4. Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, junior. 5. Mrs. Harilaos Theodoracopulos. 6. Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff and Mr. Orin Lehman. 7. Mrs. Ahmet Ertegün and Mr. Joel Schumacher. 8. Mr. Frederick Eberstadt and Mrs. William P. Rayner. 9. Mrs. Guillermo Aguilera. 10. Mrs. Leonard Holzer and Mr. William P. Rayner. 11. Mrs. John Barney. 12. Mr. Howard Oxenberg and Mrs. Theodore S. Bassett, II.



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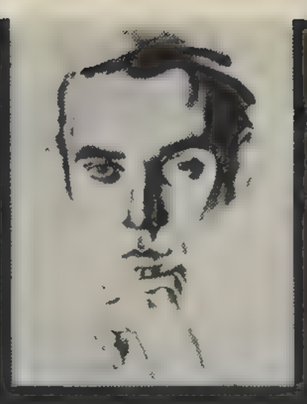
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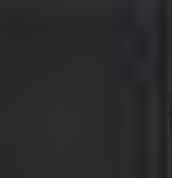
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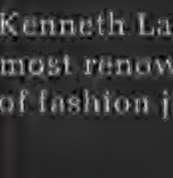
Kenneth Lane, America's most renowned designer of fashion jewelry

Which gem is the diamond?

(Actual photo, not retouched)



Cut by diamond lapidist
COSTS $6,300
(This is the 3 carat diamond)



Cut by diamond lapidist
COSTS $180
(This is The New Gem of Kenneth Lane)

The Story of a Remarkable Discovery...

(The only stone that can fool the experts)

I have discovered a twin to the diamond. This fiery blue-white gemstone completely matches the genuine beauty of a perfect diamond at 1/35th the cost. (They'll *swear* it *is* a diamond!) With permanent brilliance and color, it is cut just like a diamond by skilled lapidists from 1 to 35 carats . . . hand set into 14K solid gold engagement and dinner rings (men's rings too!), pendants, earrings, tie tacks and cuff links. I am proud that they bear my name . . .

The New Gem of Kenneth Lane

Please send for brochure to learn more about this amazing achievement . . . and see all the styles.



$55/carat (3 or more) includes Solitaire Ring in 14K solid gold with side tapers.

☐ Send me illustrated brochure.
I want to order now. Money back guarantee if returned in 10 days!

Gem shape ☐ Round ☐ Emerald ☐ Pear ☐ Marquise

Send _____ carats

☐ Solitaire ring; size _____

☐ Pendant (solid gold chain)
☐ White gold
☐ Yellow gold

V7

I enclose check or money order:
$_____ @ $55/carat.
(This offer includes ring & mounting. For less than 3 carats, see brochure for prices. N.Y.C. residents add 5% sales tax. N.Y. State residents, add only 2% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Kenneth Lane Gems, 1168 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Glister to replace blister

You must have seen a Summer Mouth. At some time, you've probably owned one. While other aspects of Summer Face may take on a beatific glow, Summer Mouth may crack up, parch, fail to take lipstick colour in stride. Sun and water have ruffled its feelings. For this Ar-Ex now has a slick prescription. New colourless Lip Gloss incorporates something very few lipsticks can claim: a sun screen. Men use it as is. Women use it as a protective undercoat and a gleamy overcoat for regular lipstick. . . . Lip Gloss is hypoallergenic (no perfume, no lanolin in its recipe), hypoallergenics being the underlying premise of all the splendid Ar-Ex cosmetic manoeuvres. Of these the latest, in addition to Lip Gloss, is Disappear, a creamy cover-up stick that scotches blotches, a very good plan for all seasons. . . .

This brush takes the cake

. . . and this cake takes to a brush the way some girls take to diamonds. Max Factor's UltraLucent Counter-Shine pressed powder is the cake we're talking about, and it's been best friend to hundreds of shiny-faced types for more than a year now. Why shouldn't it be? Not only is it colourless and transparent as air, but it has what it takes to give skin a sheer, even, translucent finish that lingers—shinelessly—for hours. (What it has is a little something called Ultra-Cel, the mission of which is to give a quick heave-ho to any surface oiliness that happens to be hanging around.) . . . Now there's a new little something—a soft, feathery, plump brush to fluff it all on. Works like a dream: you don't drag it over your face, so everything stays fresher—brush and face; you don't rub it in, so you can't streak makeup underneath. In fact, with this new brush-on UltraLucent Counter-Shine, you can't do anything wrong. As we said, this brush really takes the cake. . . .

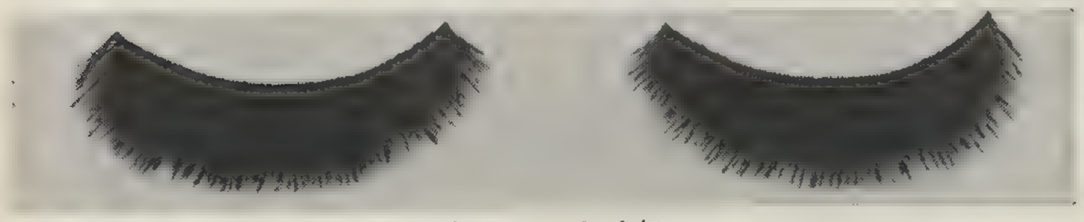
Gentlemen may not prefer blondes

. . . but women seem to prefer that all visible, unsolicited hair —arms, face, et cetera—get lost in some kind of bland, blond oblivion. There are waxes and there are depilatories and there are women who want no part of either. And there is Jolen Creme Bleach for those women. It accomplishes a fast, very gentle lightening job on any Super Hair that needs it. ("Super" here stands for superfluous, not for superlative.) Used in many circles as a simple looks-neatener—to erase shadows, to attend to a more attractive makeup setting—Jolen has nothing shadowy about its directions. They're so explicit that going to the lighter side is very simple indeed.

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



1-2-3—black or brown



Natural Heavy Black/Brown

OUTDOORS? Are you the kind of woman who thrills to the feel of wind in your hair, the tickle of grass on your bare feet, the warm caress of the sun on your skin? Whether you grow prize roses or collect trophies, or just have fun trying, the great outdoors is your element. Then, always look your outdoors best with these personalized Andrea eyelashes. Andrea is the leading lash-stylist to all kinds of women, including the outdoors kind like You, with 21 stunning styles to match every mood. $4.00 to $12.50.

Andrea

100% EUROPEAN HAIR LASHES

Andrea Raab Corp., 835 Remsen Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236



VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The Weighting Game

To gain? To lose? It's all how you play the Weighting Game. And, now that Mead Johnson's Nutrament is here to do for the under-weightlings what their Metrecal has been doing for the overweight crowd, it's a game anyone can play—any day at meal time, with recipes for rules and calories for counters. Play to gain and you win with Nutrament. Play to lose and you win with Metrecal. Just whip up the dish—and the score—you want. Our favourite right now, especially on days when the mercury starts soaring, is ice-cold Strawberry Soup. The same soup they serve as a first course in Germany the year round. Done with Nutrament or Metrecal, however, it's a meal in itself because you have all the balanced nutritional virtues you need. Mead Johnson has seen to that. If you're playing to gain, you can arrive at a cool 700 calories. You simply plug in your blender, toss in 1 can of Vanilla Nutrament, 1 egg yolk, 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract, 4 tablespoons of heavy cream, and about six or seven big fresh strawberries. Blend well, pour into a soup plate, and chill. Slice about eight more fresh strawberries and float them on top. Then add a dollop or two of stiffly beaten egg white a minute or two before serving. Those who want to play down their weight can tote up a mere 220 calories by using 1 packet of Metrecal Vanilla Shake, substituting 1 cup of skim milk for the cream, and omitting the egg yolk altogether—ingredients otherwise identical. At the rate statistics are piling up, this Mead Johnson game may soon have the edge on Parker Brothers—or didn't you know that 18,000,000 Americans are underweight and four times as many are over? Strawberries never had it so good . . . nor did would-be gainers and losers.

Pat on a happy face

If you've got the summertime wilts, save face. With Elizabeth Arden's new Velva Smooth pads, thin round slices of white terry cloth soaked in that same famous Velva Smooth we've hurrahed before—a delicious citrus-scented clear lotion for freshening less-than-daisy faces. First off, these mini-facecloths work like little massages, with all those terry nubbles perking up the circulation. Meanwhile, the lotion's busy cleaning up, smoothing, soothing. Slightly astringent, it slows down facial perspiration and keeps makeup fresher longer. Slightly antiseptic, it discourages oiliness and accompanying aggravations. Great way to start the day, great way to finish it. And for any heated sessions in between, pat a pad to keep your cool. These come fifty to a jar—a black plastic jar that's light enough to tote along on summer jaunts.

You've twice as much Temps now

. . . double Temps, in fact. Big four-ounce spray bottles of Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps whiffing its eau de toilette your way. Not that you can't get quite a whiff from the regular two-ounce size. But, if you like your L'Air du Temps in really reckless liltings, you'll be thrilled by the fresh L'Air at your disposal . . . the moment the lid's off the new crystal Atomiseurs. That moment being July 15—for Coeur Joie and Capricci, those other two Ricci delights, as well. Right on the heels of another French cause for celebration: Bastille Day.

The dew is on the rose . . .

. . . And the dew, roses and all, now comes in a bottle—a fragrant pink lotion called Dew of Fidji (in France, Rosée de Fidji), by Guy Laroche—to be smoothed lightly all over you after the bath; its purpose, to make your skin as soft and scented as a fresh pink rose-petal. A few drops, tipped in the palm of one hand, seem to do exactly that. . . . As a perfume, Laroche's Fidji—a romantic, mysterious scent in which jasmine, tuberose, and myrrh also lurk—came here from Paris in 1967; it's been running strongly, particularly with the young beauties who are Laroche's natural followers. Now, in its new, dewy after-bath form—a moisturizer, an emollient, laced with rich, silky softeners, the scent clinging for hours—it's difficult to see how women of any age can resist it—or why they should even try. (As the young say: After all, why fight it?) . . . .

The name of the game is frame

One hair game this summer is framing the face, haloing it with a burst of sun. Frosting and tipping, procedures accomplished by lightening individual strands of hair, are two routes to this kind of frame-up. Well-known salon specialties, they are now ready for women short on salon time but long on the enlightened look. Ready in Clairol's new Frost & Tip haircolouring kit. Everything's included for precocious do-it-yourselfers—mixing bowl, frosting cap, frosting needle, spoon, gloves, heat cap, and such—plus the ingredients for the recipe, and winningly simple instructions. Any colour can manage an attractive variation: sunny up the blond, highlight the brunet, gold and glint the red. And do it with the knowledge that most likely more than your hair's colour is getting a shot in the strand. Since hair benefactor Clairol is the responsible party, your hair's disposition will probably react appreciatively to the frame game, too. . . .

Beauty is more than skin deep

To look beautiful, you must feel beautiful.
Even a perfect make-up application can't "hide away" a tired you. Your own beauty routine shouldn't end with cosmetics. For the newest in "make you beautiful" accessories, it's the STIMULáNT Personal Vibrator.



STIMULáNT'S vibrations soothe neck, shoulder muscles, arms, legs and tired feet. Washable, the STIMULáNT Personal Vibrator, used with your favorite creams and lotions, helps stimulate skin to new radiance. Just twist the base and it hums on with a steady flow of revitalizing vibrations. The STIMULáNT Personal Vibrator, in Ivory color, elegantly gift boxed—only $5.00

STIMULáNT

The men's model in a rich swirled Walnut color...for after-exercising...for after-shave treatments...for a more alert and vigorous him.

VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

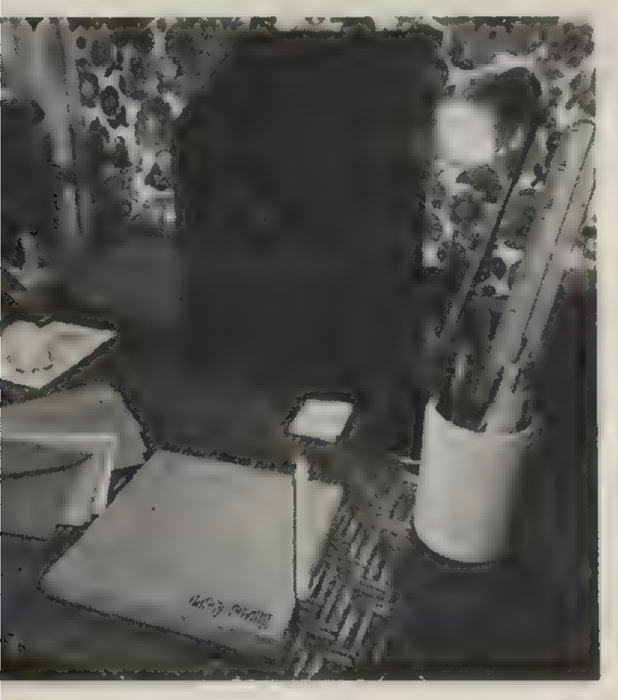
FASHIONS IN LIVING

The atmosphere of the writing table... its charm, its news



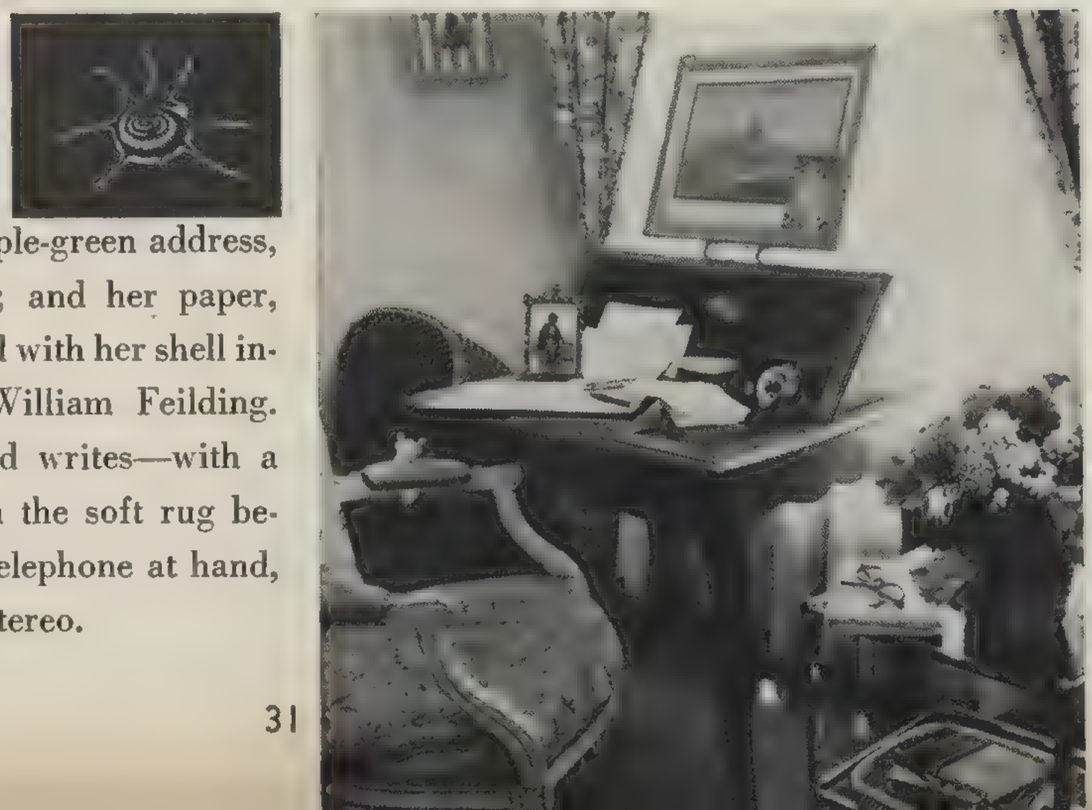


Mrs. William Rayner, busy young decorator, writes at a marble-topped French table in her white bedroom. Bright Kraft-paper folders organize papers. Radio, address books, invitation rack on a low red lacquer table, phone on a purple-feathered green stool. Cartier makes her dark-blue paper—address in navy . . . and the apple-green paper, *above,* watermarked with anemone insignia by William Feilding.



Mrs. Thomas P. Hoving, wife of the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, writes at an inherited wicker table, *left,* keeps notepapers in an antique knife box. She finds the new rainbow pads fun to use, likes felt pens. Small pads, assorted colours, 3 for $12, marked; 100 envelopes, $5. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57, N. Y. 10019.

Mrs. Samuel Pryor Reed keeps a beautifully organized red lacquer desk in her bedroom, *right.* In it, her heavy white cards with apple-green address, used for short prompt notes; and her paper, paper-bag-colour, watermarked with her shell insignia, *above,* designed by William Feilding. Both from Cartier. Mrs. Reed writes—with a black felt pen—spread out on the soft rug between her desk and the bed, telephone at hand, her favourite records on the stereo.

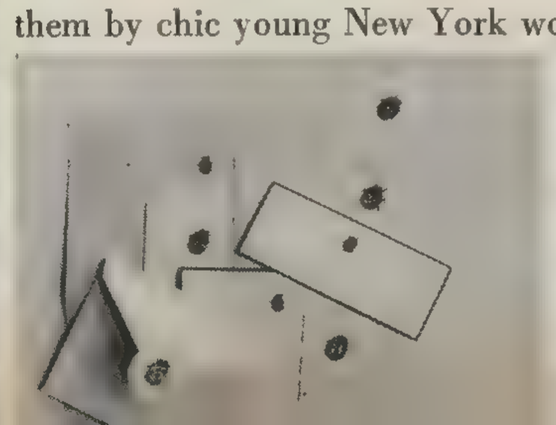


Mrs. Wyatt Cooper copes with a vast correspondence. Like the other busy young women whose desks are shown here, her writing table, *below,* is vital to an attractive, orderly life. Writing under an apple tree . . . or propped up luxuriously in bed are effortless delights when a well-equipped writing table supplies any need or whim. Mrs. Cooper's serene, white-walled study houses a tilt-top architect's table, books, and beloved objects. Neat baskets organize correspondence and notepapers. Pens wait in tulip cups, felt ones for the new stacked rainbow pads, for informal notes. Mrs. Cooper designs the markings for her notepapers like the monogram, *above left,* used as a watermark for a crocus-yellow handmade Finnish paper from Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10010.



DAVID MASSEY

The personal insignia idea: The smartest notepaper marking is an insignia which becomes a secret signature. In Europe crests are still used. *Below, right:* the crests used by Condesa de Romanones in Madrid, engraved in blue on papers, in full colour on cards. *Below, left:* The enchanting red-and-black ladybug engraved on Baroness Geoffroy de Waldner's papers, cards, and seals. On July 1, Cartier will open an exhibition of desks and notepapers designed for them by chic young New York women.





It's here.
THE ANTI-WRINKLE SUNTAN LOTION



Bronztan's advanced moisturizing formula lets you tan a deep luscious bronze. Protects against sun-wrinkling, sun-burning, and sun-aging.

Sure, you want a healthy glow. But you hate to pay for it with lines and wrinkles from the sun and wind. This summer you don't have to. Not if you use Bronztan regularly. It has an exclusive sunscreen, (U.S. Patent Office No. 3,341,419) to ward off damaging rays. And special moisturizers and conditioners to keep your skin soft and supple. Get Bronztan and see how bronze you can be!



Bronztan/the anti-wrinkle suntan lotion.

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Paris: 1881 means 1968 . . . reflects this minute in the best possible way. What is it? Just about the biggest and best new men's shop in Paris. It's Cerruti 1881 at 3, Place de la Madeleine. What's afoot there: a super-luxe mecca for beautifully cut clothes and accessories in excellent fabrics. It was opened late last winter by Nino Cerruti (below), the young head of the fine Italian fabric mills. Nino set out to achieve a shop, and a style, which are straight up to the minute, but not futuristic . . . to offer a man clothes which would be well made and becoming . . . and require no trace of exhibitionism or courage to wear. What happened is indicated in the enthusiastic report of one Paris blade . . . "The ***best new men's shop*** I've seen; three floors, quite modern with all white interior, tobacco-colour rug, tobacco leather and silver showcases . . . all designed by an Italian architect, Vico Magistretti . . . The sous-sol: accessories; the rez-de-chaussée: suits, jackets, and the like. Upstairs: workrooms, fitting rooms. Excellent ready-to-wear suits by Hitman of Milan; the classic line with rather longer jacket, cut well but not too close under the arm. (An example is the one worn by Nino Cerruti himself, below.) Suits about $150 to $225. Custom suits cost about $360 at 1881."







In the States: a chance to see some things from Cerruti now at I. Magnin; lots more coming in autumn to I. Magnin and to Neiman-Marcus.

Cowboy-inspired hat, above, comes in straw or felt, goes with everything. What ***Jeanloup Sieff*** found, far right, beige silk-and-linen summer turnout, tunic top belted with a chain embellished with Cerruti's trademark lion's head. Top left, the great summer jacket shirt in écru, and, right, the smashing tweed coat, collared like a guardsman's.

EVA RUDLING DUTHUIT

Something to get into.
The Mischief Suit
by Cole
of California
BANDURA®
A swimwear first.
A Cole
exclusive.
Cole of California®– Another fine Kayser-Roth Product.
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JULY 1968

VOGUE's EYE VIEW



Inventiveness is the key to fashion today—the exuberant, high-spirited, ardent **inventiveness** of a modern woman with active tastes and a sportif eye savouring the variety of the feast before her, from which she takes a little of this, a little of that, and pulls together a look that's uniquely and deliciously her own.... **Romance** is alive and well in fashion, we're simply getting into another level. The flirtations and the fantasy remain—the charade goes on. But differently: there's **lusciousness** and **sumptuousness** in the air now, and a glorious sense of **fun** about it all—the more joy you put into it, the more you get out of it....

It's your show and you run it your way—you pick, you choose, you take what you want and make the most of it. You invent with wit—with opulence and **splendour,** and with great **simplicity**....You take the most discreet black sweater and you hang **fifteen gold necklaces** on it—in fifteen different lengths and fifteen different textures and fifteen different designs; and some are precious and some are bunkum and some are clumped together with a huge Lalique plaque....You take a scrumptious little **violet broadtail weskit.** And you wear it every day with a full-sleeved printed **challis shirt** and **tweed dirndl.** And you wear it in the evening with a shirt and skirt of Byzantine magnificence. And you wear it with sweaters. And with pants. Any way you want to wear it is just daisy....**Discretion** contrasted with **surprise** ...simplicity contrasted with enormous extravagance...the wearing of one motif or design on top of another—that's where the news is: the paraphernalia of invention....

Design on design on design—even furs have design, are marked and put together in strange new ways. And design is embroidered. Is beaded. Is one pattern worn with another...one texture worn with one, two, three other textures. Design is shirts and skirts worn in contrasting fabrics, contrasting colours. And designs are pulled together with wonderful jewelled or golden metallic or galloon belts....

A **mystique** women haven't had for an eternity has returned to fashion—the face is discreetly framed by layering hair around it in long bangs, guiches, or in sections of hair pulled down to the jaw line, and the rest may hang loose or be tied back in a George.... **Capes swirl,** furl, envelop...legs are concealed in wide pants, in longer full skirts, in boots crushed about the ankle...hands are gloved in **gauntlets** ...the body is covered in **layers** of clothes—furs over lavish embroideries over transparent and untransparent fabrics....All the **Byronic** touches of the 19th century are with us—it's how **a modern** woman arranges these things for herself that makes it all new, amusing, and seductive....

Your **cape** must be full—a real **half-circle,** completely loose at the hem. It has got to twirl, swirl, spin, **roll round the body**—has got to move—romantically. Ideally, it will have a **Napoleonic collar**—one that comes up rounded and falls away on the shoulder—and will be held just at the throat with gold chain. Then, unless it's a short cape, some fullness below gives the best proportion—wide straight pants or a longer dirndl skirt....

Black cape, **wide black pants,** white crisp shirt with wide tightly-cuffed sleeves, wide black taffeta cravat, silver-buckled pumps or boots—this is about as good a look as you can get....

(Continued on next page)

FASHION FORECAST: THE NEXT DIRECTIONS

Directional rings of rhodium-plated silver, by the painter and sculptor, Paul von Ringelheim.

PENAT'

FASHION FORECAST THE NEXT

(Continued) Loden cloth makes a marvellous cape, especially with a flat **fur lining**—like hamster or some luxe-y little fox....

The surface of tailored fabrics will be **surfier**—which means plenty of Loden cloth, Melton, and flou tweeds—very feminine to the touch and they move wonderfully....

On sumptuous, heavily designed fabrics, **strands of beads** in a muddle of lengths and colours look divine—reds, greens, pinks, violets—like the ones the natives of northern Brazil wear on clean white linen blouses with swinging skirts....

Lots of **gold** will be seen—tassels and belts and beads and chains worn over cloth-of-gold—worn by golden-haired girls....

The **weskit**—and the bolero—this is the fashion that's come to life in a big big way. And in every way: it's embroidered in gold, it's of fur, it's of leather...and sometimes the leather is embroidered and sometimes the fabric is embroidered. And it's very apt to show a bit of the shirt underneath before it hits the top of the skirt or pants....

Shirts are the most romantic things ever—never too close at the neck—the collar should roll from the sides of the throat; the sleeves should be wide, full-blown, and caught to the wrists by cuffs from which lace may spill in a languorous **Byronic** way—or they might be held by some really knockout jewelled links....

Cravats and neckerchiefs look terrifically dashing with shirts, and you can tie them in dozens of ways—a little ingenuity is all it takes....

Pants suits are of the most luxurious deep velvets or woollens, with the jackets definitely longer—chopped overcoats, really. As for the pants: they're cut absolutely straight—except for the waist, nothing is narrower than the widest point. They fall straight from behind, don't cling in any way to the leg—don't even suggest it....

The **riding-habit** skirt and **fitted jacket** is as close to heaven as a suit can be: a turn-of-the-century classic, and still terribly romantic, but whipped into something really racy and modern....The jacket's perfection, very seamed and waisted, with the sleeves set in and mounted extremely high, giving an almost leg-o'-mutton effect on the shoulder bone. And the long **side-saddle skirt** is a dream—marvellously allurring the way it's cut today; now when it crosses over and fastens to the waist, the longest possible line of leg is revealed—in dark sheer tights and crushed-at-the-ankle boots with silver buckles and two-inch stacked heels....

Day dresses couldn't be prettier—full loose sleeves; small tops; definite **waistlines;** elusive colourings—all the smokes and tawnies in wools and jerseys....

Dirndl skirts are **the fullest** they've ever been, and always of some very flou material—tweeds, lamés, silks, cottons—whatever the fabric, it must have a little blow to it and foam around the legs when you move. This goes for all **dirndls**—six inches above the knee or ten inches from the floor.... **Braces** look sensational with evening dirndls and shirts—like little Tyrolean harnesses but done up with real luxuriousness—with beads, jewels, lamé and embroidery, leather and heaps of galloon....

Your coat can be of any length. It can be short. It can be long. And long now is anywhere from two inches below the knee, to mid-calf, to ten inches above the floor—which is the nine-tenths length, and one we adore....Here's our idea of the perfect **nine-tenths coat:** double-breasted and shaped through the torso, like an officer's, with width at the hem and a soft generous roll to the collar and revers....

We love the **surprise** of wide felt hats with longer, discreetly tailored coats—velours felts—beaver felts—the brim turned up with brio, or worn straight as a matador's sombrero....

The fur coat for the long long hip-boot is short short. With a long-hair fur—fox, say—big matching **fox anklets** worn over the boots would be a bit of all right....

Every day should have some **leather** in it—in a strong smashy way. Boots, naturally—and in all heights—they're part of our lives. But also: A leather weskit. An important leather belt with giant brass grommets to hold a **giant brass buckle.** A leather skirt with a sweater or jersey shirt. A long leather coat over a short wool dress. A leather tunic over wide wool pants....

Touches of fur are lovely—could anything be more romantic than a **huge sable muff** with a beautifully cut long-jacketed pants suit? Or a **black fox hem** on a wide black velvet nine-tenths skirt, just brushing the tops of satin appliqué boots in clear brilliant colours—an evening in St. Petersburg, ca. 1910....

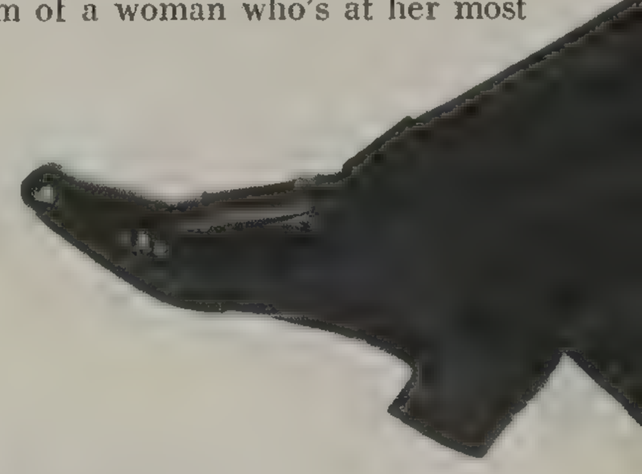
Diamond buttons and **big wide hats**—ravishing with long, long-sleeved evening dresses....

A **mound of yellow diamonds** buckling a brown velvet dress—and shiny brown stockings plus a violet ribbon in your hair....

On a **black velvet** dress: a wide white linen collar, like a Bürgermeister's wife—cleanest thing in the world....

This will be the biggest velvet year yet—**velvet britches** and pants suits, long culottes and short culottes; tunics, skirts, capes, velvet evening dresses of any length you like....

We said it before: inventiveness opens all the doors in fashion today. It's the look of being **pulled together** with dash and originality that counts. The look of a woman who wears **hip-high boots** and the **shortest tunic** under the **longest coat**...wears the most elaborate jewels on the most elaborately designed cloths ...wears tops that appear almost outgrown—squinchingly small on the shoulders, then everything starts to **surge and splurge** and carry on. The charm of a woman who's at her most



feminine when she's out with a man that everybody looks at—turns herself into an adorable little wren for the glory of the gorgeous peacock. The sheer attractiveness of the modern woman who openly enjoys making herself up as she goes along: all the ingredients are there, she's the chef, and fashion is her kitchen—that's our girl, and she's quite a dish....

PENN

DIRECTIONS



capes swirl

This is it—the look of the year in full panache: the **black cape** with real *ampleur*—vast, circling worsted gabardine, generously collared, and flung over a wide-sleeved **white shirt** of cotton batiste frilled down the front... **wide black cravat** of brocaded taffeta... straight **wide black pants** of matching gabardine with a satin side-stripe... **buckled black patent pumps.** Cape and pants by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Jax shirt (with our own cravat), to order. Bruno Magli pumps, at Bonwit Teller. Hair arranged by Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

FORECAST



PENN

the riding-habit suit



Galloping full tilt into fashion: the riding-habit suit, right... its **racy side-saddle skirt,** side-looped, deeply side-slit, adapted from the *jupe amazone*, the riding-skirt worn by young ladies at the turn of the century—and more *séduisante* than *amazone* now... the **jacket like a little hunting-coat,** back vent and all; closely fitted, beautifully seamed through the body; sleeves set very high—almost leg-o'-mutton. In black worsted gabardine, to wear for day with a **snowy cravat**...black tights...buckled black boots. In the evening, the skirt at its most romantic, opposite, with a **Byronic shirt** of ivory crêpe with voluminous sleeves; a wide black cravat...the **raciest black stockings** to the waist...black velvet pumps sparkling with brilliants.... A wool mark suit, by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, about $245, at Henri Bendel; Rich's. Shirt by Sarff-Zumpano of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric) at Bloomingdale's. Sapphire tights. Van Raalte lace black pantie stockings. Black leather boots and black velvet pumps, by Charles Jourdan (buckles added). Coiffures: Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

FORECAST

design on design on design





PENN



Violet broadtail weskit, left—the most adorable little furbelow you could wear right now, wear with everything—here playing its vivid moiré markings over a **brocaded shirt and cravat** that sweeps out to wide, wide sleeves above a fling of **flame-stitch embroidery;** the cabochon **emerald and sapphire necklace** spills luxuriously down the giant cravat—design on design on **Lauren Hutton,** the pretty pet of *Paper Lion,* her first and just-finished flick. Weskit by Reiss & Fabrizio, in violet-dyed Indian broadtail lamb. Cravat shirt by Sarff-Zumpano, at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Skirt fabric, in Durene cotton embroidered by Aristocrat. Ara Gallant coiffure with Joseph Fleischer fall. **Cabochon necklace,** above: the drop-off point is a single pear-shaped pendant capturing all of the light around in thousand-facetted diamond shimmer—one elaboration upon the elaborate necklace gleaming across the page. Both versions by Harry Winston. The face shimmered by Countess Isserlyn Make-Up No. 97 and Antigua Coral lipstick. Both by Alexandra de Markoff.



design on design on...



Budapest-blue velveteen weskit, left, blazed with Hussar braid and lined in an ermine-white flurry—it makes a terrific sortie for evening over a matching longer skirt wrapped in vivid blue satin with a **braid-banded yellow crêpe shirt** with sabre-slash sleeves; a **ransom of jewels** rings every finger and fires chain upon chain with precious colour. Weskit (about $45) and skirt (about $54), in Cone cotton; lining and trim of Enka furry rayon. Enka Crepeset nylon shirt, about $28. (Both of Collins & Aikman fabrics.) Mini-wrapdress, right: pink and yellow **brocade** strike rich veins of ore—**jewel-fretted golden braid** swinging around waist, cuffs, hem . . . golden mesh filling in the neckline . . . gold necklaces tumbling past. Dress, about $145. The **tall golden leather boots** add some splendid footwork of their own—wound with diamonds, pearls, and gold. Both evening costumes, shown on **Lauren Hutton,** by Michael Mott for Paraphernalia. Michael Mott ascot, to order at Paraphernalia. David Evins boots, to order at I. Miller. All jewels by David Webb. Ara Gallant coiffures; Joseph Fleischer falls.





design-on-design boot

design-on-design coat

Violet **satin boot,** left, appliquéd in clean vibrant swirls **of colour on colour,** satin on satin. . . . Just brushing the boot-top, the **black fox nine-tenths hem** of a black velvet dress with long fox-cuffed sleeves warming up to a **handful of rings**—full of turn-of-the-century allure and very Russian. Boot, to order: I. Miller. Oscar de La Renta dress. David Webb rings. The asymmetric coat **masked in lace embroidery,** right: glinting gold, blue, and scarlet braid flowering on scarlet lace—completely veiling a wide-hemmed coat bound and belted in golden braid. By Galanos. Lace of Lurex metallic threads and rayon (McConnell fabric). Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Galanos hat. K.J.L. earring: Lord & Taylor. Suga of Kenneth coiffure. The glint on the cheeks: a slick of Sheer Peach Blusher stick by Helena Rubinstein.

ALEXIS WALDECK

longer coats, fur-collared

Longer coats, left, with **matching Persian lamb collars**—great shapes, great proportions. Close-waisted, wide-hemmed . . . with high armholes, narrow sleeves. . . . **Chocolate-brown wool Melton cloth,** far left, belted in back; collar of **deep-brown Persian lamb.** By Originala, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Richelieu earrings. Golo boots (buckle added). . . . Cut as smoothly as cream, the **longer coat in fawn-grey,** near left . . . notched collar in **fawn-grey Persian lamb.** By Originala, of double-faced Shetland wool (Anglo fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings, boots by Bruno Magli, both: Bonwit Teller. This page: Sally Gee scarfs: Saks Fifth Avenue. Grandoe gloves. . . . For the biggest velvet year in history—the short evening **coatdress** in **chocolate-brown velvet,** right; narrow sleeves, narrow waist . . . deep inverted pleat . . . **rhinestone buttons.** By Originala; cotton velvet. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings: Lord & Taylor. Calderon necklace: Bergdorf Goodman. Vision pantie stockings, at De Pinna. Both pages: Adolfo hats; coiffures by Hugh Harrison. Lipstick, Scandia's new Golden Pumpkin.

the coatdress in chocolate velvet

FORECAST

longer
mink,
new
colouring

Two views, left: **mink in a longer length,** a new beautiful mutation with a **mauvy-grey cast,** like shadows on snow; luxurious, flattering, still very rare...skins horizontally worked, here, in a frogged, high-waisted, wide-skirted coat falling **well below the knee.** "Lilana," Emba natural pale purple mink, by Ritter Bros. At G. Fox; Rich's; Chas. A. Stevens. Echo scarf. Grandoe gloves. Bruno Magli boots: Bonwit Teller.... Zipped **shortcoat in fuzzy black** wool, right, belted in **leather and chains.** By Originala. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny. Adolfo hat. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves: Bonwit Teller. Chains: Bergère; Coro. Gautier lion's head: Henri Bendel. Tassel: Tinsel Trading. Sapphire pantie stockings. Hugh Harrison coiffures.



the fuzzy-wuzzy short coat, belted

longer coat.
short
matching
skirt

strapped
shoe

FORECAST

Longer coat over short skirt, both in black wool, far left; brilliant **purple plaid taffeta shirt, Ascot tie.** Coat like an officer's... wide collar, gilt buttons. Skirt full, swingy...**well above the knee.** Gaucho hat. All, by Adele Simpson; coat and skirt in black wool by Meyer Woolens, loomed in America; shirt in Auburn silk taffeta. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Rings: Sona The Golden One; Napier; K. J. L. Chain belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations at Bonwit Teller. Boots: Charles Jourdan. Altman's. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison. **Perfect strapped shoe,** near left: two colours. Toe and back in navy-blue baby calf; white straps **crossed in front.** Designed by Givenchy, made by Mancini—part of a new ready-to-wear collection at the Mancini Boutique in Paris. Some of the collection to order here, at Daniela....Givenchy's navy openwork stockings.

nine-tenths coat, wide straight pants

longer coat, short plaid dress

Longer coat over short dress, above. Coat in black wool, fitted, flared—coming in low over a short **gold-and-black plaid** wool turtleneck dress. Black patent belt (chains added). Coat and dress, of Lesur wool, by Christian Dior-New York; at Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Tassel by Tinsel Trading. Adolfo hat. Golo boots. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison.

Nine-tenths coat over straight pants, right. Newest length on the fashion scene—it ends **ten inches from the floor.** This, in black wool; Mao neckline, leather buttons.... Superb, as here, with **matching wide pants**—straight as plumb-lines. Coat and pants of Orlon and wool, by Jean Patou Boutique; end of July at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Black hat, orange turtleneck, also by Patou. Napier earrings; Fuchs gloves; both at Lord & Taylor. Evins shoes.

FORECAST

Napoleonic collar

giant plaque

PENATI

boots-in-one

jump-in-one

The longer coat with the **Napoleonic collar,** opposite left—big, rounded, falling away on the shoulders of a brass-buttoned taupe wool coat, narrow through the bodice and widening away to a longer hem—worn by **Lauren Hutton.** By Jay-Henry, of TSM-Blin & Blin fabric. Napier earrings. Emily Wetherby stock. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Stickpin by American Authentics. Coiffure: Daniel Vuolo of Norbert.... **Filling in with ornamentation,** opposite right—an enormous brass plaque like a pre-Columbian decoration, hung from chains on a wide-sleeved white crêpe blouse. Plaque and blouse by Ektor.... **Step right in,** near left, shoes-and-jumpsuit, all in one—white patent Corfam pumps with rounded heels, squared-off toes—joining up with a belted pink stretch jumpsuit cut in on the shoulders. Jumpsuit of Orlon, nylon, and Lycra (Nattier fabric). By Roger Vivier for Jean Marie Armand.... Boots-in-one, above—black leather **boots,** up up and **attached to a black girdle.** And thus ends the how-to-hook-up-the-high-boot problem. By Barrilà of Rome.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

FORECAST

longer-jacket pants suit

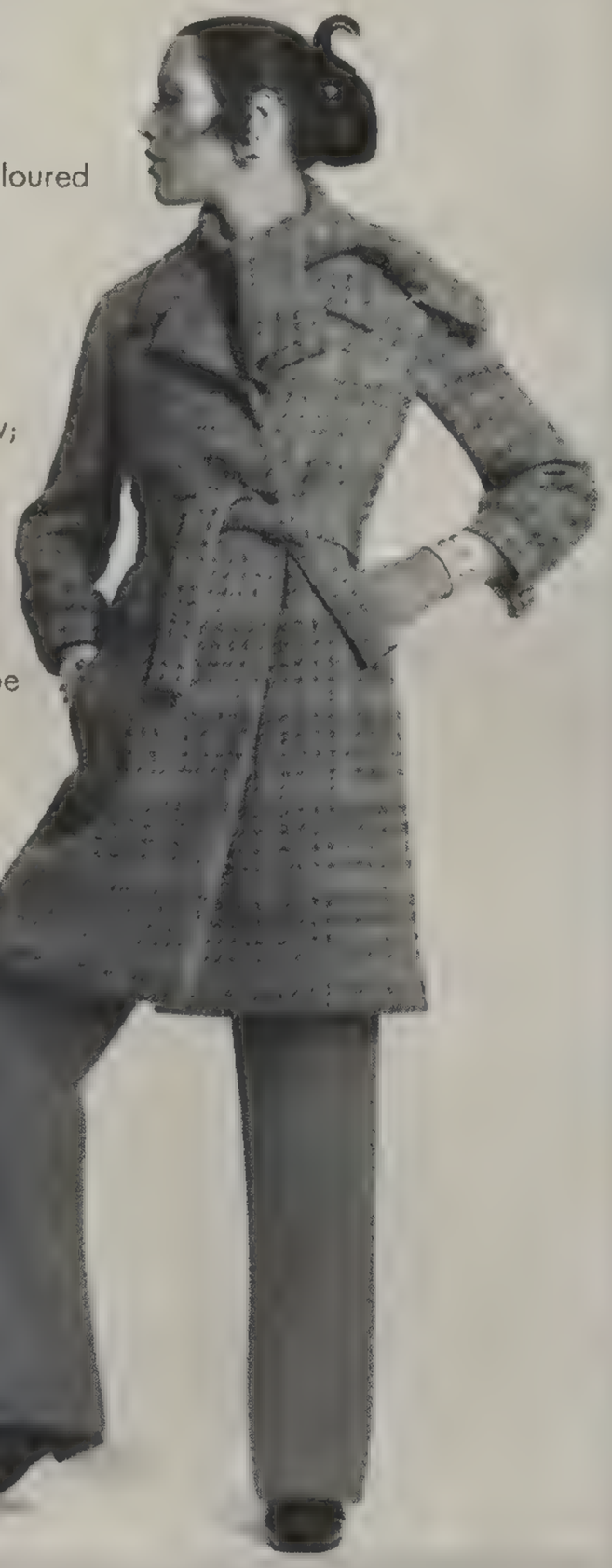




reptile oxford

Jacket like a **chopped overcoat,** left—large-collared and double-breasted over **straight wide pants**—a beautifully tailored pants turnout in putty-coloured worsted flannel. By Anne Klein. About $180. Mid-August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hixon's; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John hat. Rings: Bruce Rudow; Napier. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Golo shoes. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison.

...'Gatory ankle oxford, above—smashing laced day shoe in alligator-grained Burgundy calf with a low heel, rounded toe. By Evins. At I. Miller; I. Magnin. Meal-coloured textured knee socks, by Lady Exeter: Henri Bendel.





straight wide pants plus...

...Here's what the best pants—dead-straight and wide—are keeping company with these days.... **Pants plus tunic,** right—grey worsted, back-belted and skimmed over great matching pants... put on a **short plaid wrap-coat,** above, and go—belted and scarfed, in camel-grey-nutmeg wool. Turnout by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Shillito's; Godchaux's; Swanson's. Napier earrings. Golo shoes. With coat: Elaine Starkman wristband. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison....

Pants plus coatdress, upper right—wrapped and belted, with a muffle of scarf—in rust-coloured wool Donegal tweed over matching wide windowpane pants. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. Turnout about $110. At Henri Bendel; J. W. Robinson. Cadoro earrings. Lanolav gloves. Golo shoes.

PENATI

the zing of leather...

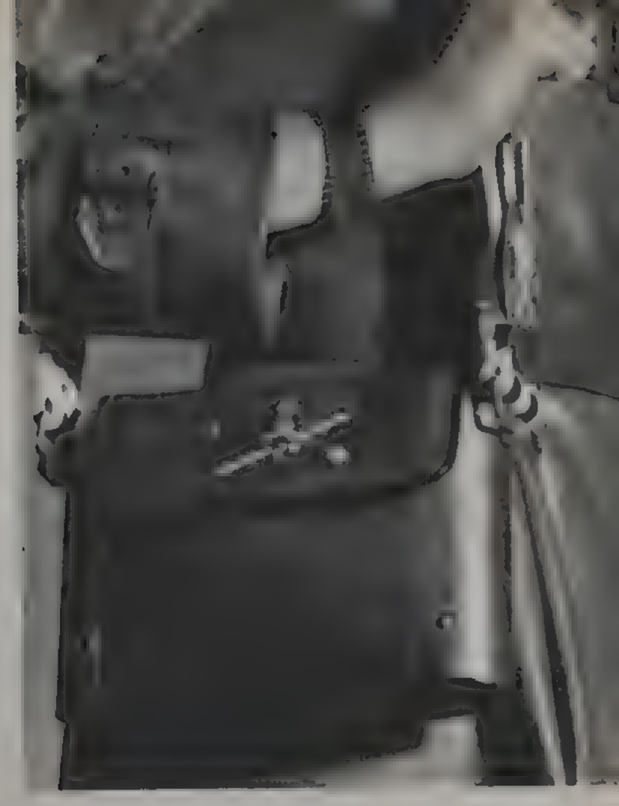


The nine-tenths leather coat, left—the length that's coming in fast—here, brown goatskin **all buckled up in brass** to a little band of collar, and dashed over shiny brown boots. By Sony Schotland for Golet, of antiqued Angola goatskin. About $180. At Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Kickerino boots: Best & Co. Napier earrings. Bruce Rudow handstrap. Coiffure by Suga of the Kenneth Salon.... **Fake-leather matador pants,** below—brown with **embroidered flowers** at waist and knee, laced up tight to a little white matte jersey top; white pantaloons billowing from the knee. All by Sant' Angelo. Pants, of Ginza (Paul Rotcage fabric of polyurethane and cotton). Fantasy turnout, made to order at Henri Bendel.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

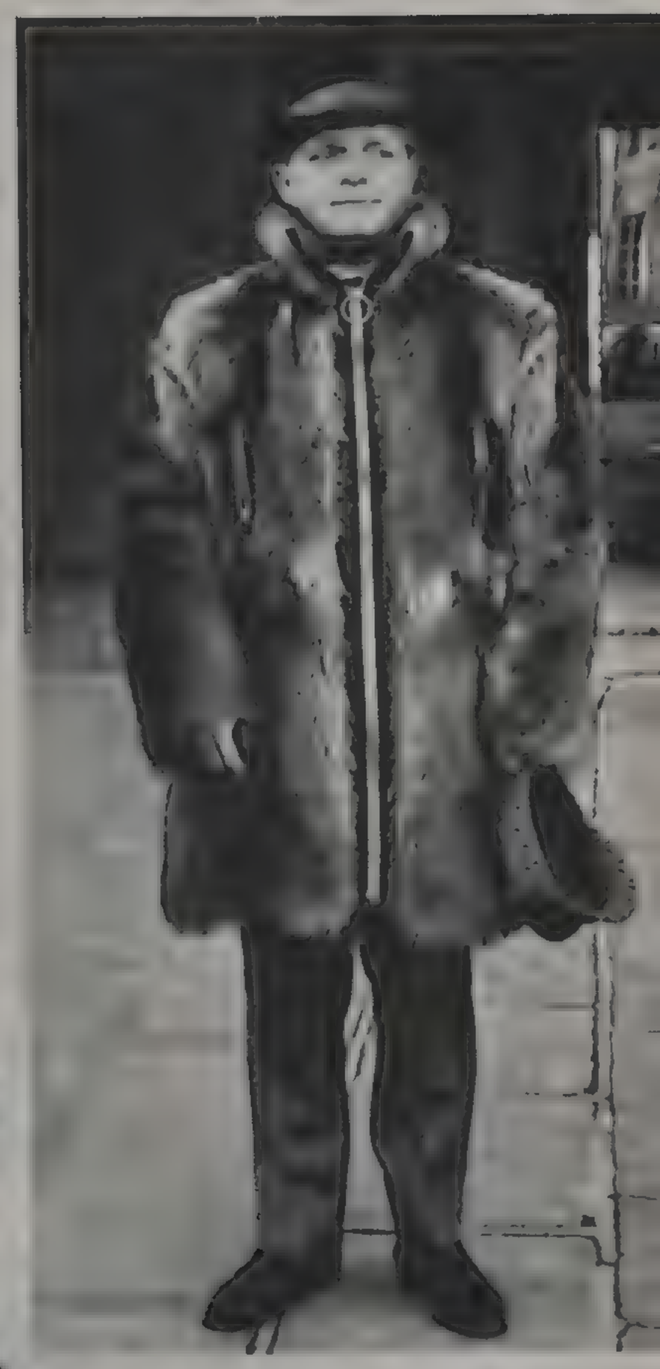
the fling of fur



...**The short short fur for the long long boot,** near right—natural red fox over hip-high black boots banded in matching fox. Coat, boots (to order), by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon Boutique, Paris. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Coiffure: Suga of Kenneth....

The military shoulder bag, top right, of soft brown leather with curved brass sides, brassy army insignia on the flap and another on the leather-striped felt strap—a real smasheroo with the nine-tenths leather coat. Bag by Latinas. At Bloomingdale's. Coppery handstrap by Bruce Rudow, at Henri Bendel....

And **fur for the chaps,** far right—it's **Truman Capote** bundled up in his brand new shaggy fox coat with numerous zippered pockets and a wide zipper closing it up. By Pierre Cardin.



ascot shirt,
quilted weskit

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

jersey jump

The crisp white cotton shirt, left—cut close as can be to the body, and sporting an **elongated ascot** from a Gladstone collar. Strew with **jewels and golden chains,** wear with a **quilted black satin weskit,** straight wide black pants, shiny black boots—you're looking great. Shirt and weskit by Sant' Angelo. Shirt about $50. Rayon satin weskit about $80. At Bonwit Teller S'tari Room. Chains and stickpin by Sant' Angelo. The perfect jersey **jumpsuit,** right—mocha-brown, T-sleeved, **short and easy on the legs.** Terrific on its own: just add a jangle of chains at the waist and that's it—you're dressed...and wonderful under any length of skirt, any time of year. By Warner's, of Caprolan nylon jersey, $12. At Altman's, Marshall Field, Dayton's, J. W. Robinson. Van Rouge belt to order at Henri Bendel. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison. Cleopatra hairpieces.

ALEXIS WALDECK

FORECAST

little flirtations in black

Covered black velvet, right, and **diamanté bands** at the throat and wrists—the short evening dress, fitted and flared, with velvet ribbon threaded through the sparklers. By Mollie Parnis, of Orceyre rayon velvet. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's. Evins shoes. Coiffure by Daniel Vuoio of Norbert.... **Wide black fox hem,** below, delicious on a bared little **harness-strapped** dress of black wool crêpe...worn with black satin pumps, to which we added fat **fur pompons.** Dress by Teal Traina. About $235. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. K. J. L. bracelets. Pumps by Evelyn Schless: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison. Pantie stockings, this page, by Beautiful Bryans.





Great new day pump, above—**black patent** with a **big round golden buckle** and squared-off toe. By Bruno Magli. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Lacy black pantie stockings by Phoenix, at Altman's.... In black velvet, right, the **nine-tenths dirndl skirt** and jewel-buttoned **bolero jacket** worn over a ruffly black Chantilly lace shirt—one of the most romantic suit looks around, with a **wide-brimmed hat** of black velvet. By David Kidd for Marquise. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Blum Store, Phila.; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Schreiner earrings. Beautiful Bryans pantie stockings. Mademoiselle shoes. The coiffure by Hugh Harrison.

PENATI

bared and covered in black



First announcement, 1929, of the science-fiction strip Buck Rogers. Photograph: Robert C. Dille

FORECAST

The contrast of discretion with surprise:
that's the news and this dress, left, has it—
the **coquetry of a wide-open neckline** to the
waist on an otherwise **covered-up black crêpe**
with white satin bindings and a flaring
tightly belted skirt. Oscar de La Renta;
Onondaga silk. Stanley Hagler earrings.
Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Swanson's;
Neiman-Marcus. Napier ring. Sapphire tights.
Hugh Harrison coiffure; Joseph Marshall fall.
...**Littlest bolero, longest dirndl,** right,
making the most delicious evening proportions—
the diamanté black bolero, not a jot longer
than an infant's spencer, over a long-sleeved
high-necked black dirndl dress blowing to the
ankles. A wool mark costume by Donald Brooks;
Anglo crêpe. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Sakowitz.

EWA RUDLING
DUTHUIT

Diamanté cap, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.
Van Rouge ring, to order: Henri Bendel.
Mademoiselle pumps....**Tights, tunics,**
travel in space, above left—it's taken us,
not five hundred years, but less than fifty
to catch up with Buck Rogers.... Centuries
in the other direction, chivalry lives again
via **Paco Rabanne,** above—the completely
romantic individual wearing his own clothes
in the spirit of a "very parfit gentle knight."

PENATI

diamanté bolero on black



Golden chain-mail vest, left—ornamental adornment swinging a great square **golden medallion,** over a **golden leotard** like a sleek shining second skin; **gold serpent brows** curving out to a twisted band defining the hairline. And **gold eye shadow,** of course—Marcella Borghese's Florentine Golden Glistner, to name one dreamy gleamy possibility. The vest by Van Rouge. To order at Henri Bendel. Medallion from Sona The Golden One. . . . Jewels on jewels, near right—a **golden rope** holding a banner of **golden hair,** torso wrought with **golden twists and twirls** and bogus pearls—a braided belt at the throat, a pearled necklace with a long dangling tassel, a wide filigreed cinch studded with huge fake pearls. All by Van Rouge. To order at Henri Bendel. Hair-coil by Sant' Angelo. . . . **Golden braids and tassels,** far right—a curtain to flirt through, caught high on the head, tassels falling everywhere; a fling of tassels ringing the fingers of one hand. Tassels by Tinsel Trading. Coiffures, both pages, by Suga of Kenneth.

the crash of gold

BERT STERN



THE MAGNIFICENT MIRAGE

A Vogue preview of the new fabrics for fall and winter—made up out of whole cloth

Wrapping, furling, whirling about Veruschka for extraordinary yard upon yard—visions of tomorrow's textures and colours that draw on the cloth, the whole cloth, and nothing but the cloth for each wonderful mirage: thong-swirled folds of supple jersey swaddling piles of fur...shimmering ornamentation shimmered further with raw uncut stones...fluid moiré-embossed velvet...lofty shades of blue or sun-drenched grassy greens, sultry Oriental cerise or serene Regency fawn...marvellous surfaces touching off marvellous movement across this eight-page and eighty-mile span of Arizona's Painted Desert reaching out to vermilion-tinged cliffs....This magnificent wind-up of cloth, accessories, makeup—all from the nomadic workshop of Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's imagination. Details on page 122.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

JERSEY-
SWADDLED
FUR

MIRAGE IN
VELVET BLUES.
CORDED AND
THONGED

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

MIRAGE IN
MOIRÉ VELVET:
ORIENTAL
CERISE

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

MIRAGE IN LUXURIOUS ORNAMENTATION

DETAILS ON PAGE 122

MIRAGE IN AIR DANCING COLOURS

DETAILS OF PAGE 91

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

MIRAGE IN
REGENCY COLOURS,
JEWEL-BOLD
EMBROIDERY

George Sand was an idea

Suddenly wherever you look in Paris today, you see George Sand!

She is sitting on a terrace of a Left Bank café with her heavy hair and her pants suit, gazing into the eyes of a pale poet. She is at the theatre for every first night and afterwards at Maxim's accompanied by two or three silky-haired dandies in ruffled shirts. She strums her guitar at the poorest painter's party. She appears, more up to date than anyone in her Oriental dressing gown, at the Baron de Redé's ball in the most beautiful house in Paris, the Hôtel Lambert, where Chopin played the piano under the painted ceilings.

Has she always been flying back and forth in H. G. Wells's "time machine," and has she discovered the secret of ubiquity on the way? It can't be her books that bring her to us. We never read them. (The illustrious Colette did, and it seems she was influenced by Sand's love of nature.) Like everyone else, we read André Maurois's *Lélia: The Life of George Sand* when it first came out. Has that biography been working in our subconsciousness ever since, along with the haunting portrait in the Delacroix exhibition all Paris thronged to the Louvre to see a few seasons ago?

Is it the souvenir of Monsieur Maurois's *Lélia* and Delacroix's portrait fermenting together evoking George Sand so powerfully?

Aurore Dupin Dudevant left her husband for liberty, Paris, and the blond curls of young Monsieur Jules Sandeau whose hat she had fallen in love with. All the other hats were grey, his had a little red cord. She was so thin she could be taken for a boy, which was convenient for a journalist. She got a job at the new Paris paper, *Le Figaro,* and was living and writing articles with Jules Sandeau. They both signed with his name; Aurore's mother-in-law had made it clear the family name could not appear in print. Balzac took the hippie little couple, George and Jules, under his protection and they were soon in intellectual Café Society. Jules Sandeau found George's novel *Indiana* too good for his signature; so she used half, Sand. As women had no standing in literature, she signed herself George Sand.

Like Françoise Sagan's first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse, Indiana* had an instant success. George Sand was a "lion." Part of her genius was for personal publicity. She could retire to her country house, Nohant, for years, making jam and writing six hours a day, and find herself more celebrated each time she emerged.

Today, we hear George Sand's muted voice speaking through Gloria Guinness and Yves Saint Laurent when they announce that "women must be romantic again," which reminds us of lace cuffs and black velvet, as well as the grey trousers and the tasselled cap like Lord Byron's that George Sand wore to travel to Venice with Alfred de Musset, and of her tempestuously ridiculous love story. . . . How she nursed him while he raved, through typhoid and hallucinations, at the Hotel Danieli. Did Musset really see her through a closed door, sitting on his doctor's knee, any more than he saw the moonlight ghost of himself, with torn garments and flying hair, that pursued him when he was lost with George in the forest of Fontainebleau?

Let us skim Monsieur Maurois's *Lélia* once more and see what we find. . . .

When Musset met Sand at a dinner given by the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* the little dagger at her belt made him smile. "What fascinated him were the great eyes, black and heavy, brilliant and soft, that looked at him questioningly. The amber skin with its bronze reflections pleased him curiously." We wonder how such a modern girl —in tight trousers, with darkened eyes, a big pale shapeless mouth, sunburned skin, and tumbling torsades of hair—could have alighted amongst the marble complexions and rosebud smiles, careful ringlets and smoothed raven wing hairdos of the elaborately skirted beauties in 1833.

Here is Musset's first visit to George Sand when she lived on the corner of the Place St. Michel:

"She received him in yellow silk Oriental dressing gown, Turkish babouches, a Spanish mantilla. She offered Egyptian tobacco. She sat on a cushion, smoking a long Eastern pipe. Musset talked nonsense to her. She was silent and beautiful."

When Alfred de Musset read the proofs of George Sand's novel *Lélia,* he wrote to her . . . "You know me well enough now to be sure the ridiculous *Will you or won't you* will never come from my lips . . . you can only give moral love. It is too moral for me. . . . I can only offer an inconsequential comrade, without rights and consequently without jealousy or quarrels, capable of smoking your tobacco, rumpling your dressing gowns, and catching colds philosophizing with you under all the horse chestnut trees of modern Europe."

From one of his unfinal letters of rupture:

". . . love some one who knows how to love. I only know how to suffer. Good-bye George—I love you like a child. . . ."

When that mistaken affair was over, Balzac remarked: "She failed in adultery as she failed in marriage."

George Sand went back to the country. Balzac paid her a visit. He wrote to Madame Hanska in February, 1838:

"I landed at the Château of Nohant . . . in the evening—and found comrade George Sand in her dressing gown smoking a cigar after dinner by the fireside in an immense solitary room. She had pretty slippers ornamented with silk fringes, coquettish stockings and red trousers. . . . She hasn't a single white hair in spite of her frightful misfortunes . . . her beautiful eyes are just as brilliant. She still has an almost stupid expression when she thinks, for, as I told her after studying her, all her countenance is in her eye."

Balzac was as much too virile for George as George was for Balzac, but Chopin, "delicate celestial Chopin," was all she liked best. "Som-

BY BETTINA BERGERY

bre eyes, singular eyes"—he wrote in his diary—"Her eyes in my eyes. She leans on the piano . . . flowers around us. . . . Aurore—what a charming name."

Chopin played while George Sand posed for Delacroix. She is listening in a velvet dress with a Balenciaga neckline. Her hair looped into spaniel ears could have been done this morning by Alexandre, a little dishevelled by her trip in the "time machine."

Sand went to Majorca with Chopin in November—delighted to lunch out of doors in the Balearic sun, though the food was atrocious. It rained. They caught colds—Chopin coughed blood. She brought him back to Marseilles and in May to Nohant with her, and nursed him there for eight years. Franz Liszt and Marie d'Agoult came to stay. George and Comtesse d'Agoult tried to like each other. They never succeeded. Chopin composed steadily. George wrote and wrote, and kept open house. Everyone came to see her, including Elizabeth Barrett Browning who was shocked by the clouds of tobacco blown out by the wildly worshipping men. "An incredibly vulgar man of the theatre [perhaps Alexandre Dumas fils] threw himself at her feet calling her 'sublime.' . . . 'A caprice of friendship' said the superwoman in quiet and gentle disdain," recorded Mrs. Browning—with whom George Sand spoke English. (In her Paris convent, George Sand was taught by English nuns who called her "Madcap" and "Mischievous.")

The Goncourts admired George Sand's "beautiful and charming head and the marvellous delicacy of her little hands, lost in lace cuffs." Her little hands are still posed on letters and books, in silver or gilt, even smaller than nature. You have one possibly on your letter clip or your door knocker, so many of those small 1870 hands were taken from the model of George Sand's. Her lace cuffs emerged from black velvet sleeves at all last winter's parties—as for stockings—Sand's "coquettish stockings"—did you realize she had a passion for coloured stockings and lace stockings? And for boots.

"What a relief to be rid of pointed slippers that slide in the muddy streets. What a pleasure to wear boots instead," Aurore Dupin said when she changed her name and her clothes and herself from Aurore to George.

When Madame Sand had exhausted the turbulent emotions of love, she found the same romantic exultation in politics. She considered communism (Balzac called her "comrade George"), she believed in socialism, she decided for democracy, she was hailed as "the Muse of the Republic."

From this time on she smoked nothing but cigarettes.

When all the formerly scandalized bourgeois discovered and proclaimed that "Madame Sand has a great soul" (the Impératrice Eugénie said so, too), Sainte-Beuve answered: "George Sand has a great soul, and a great Rump." Her stature increased as much as her fame—instead of making love she made friendships and was increasingly loved.

George Sand is so much in the air—our air—one feels she will soon be on TV. Her influence is growing so rapidly one can reasonably wonder how the growing numbers of romantics will vote? But let's not speak of politics. In Paris, clothes are the best subject. Let's go back to boots. We share George Sand's pleasure in boots, nearly as much as we share her pleasure in the music of Chopin and of Liszt. We share many of George Sand's pleasures. We share her vices, too. If we smoke, isn't it really her fault? And if we try LSD just once, to see what it's like, didn't she ever try hashish in her "Eastern pipe"? And doesn't her lasting fascination point out that we should encourage fragile young intellectuals? Even if they do not all turn out to be geniuses, all of hers didn't either.

What can a spaceman with a crew cut, a stockbroker, a diplomat, or a hero of Olympic games do for our future fame?

Why should we live another minute without Madame Grès's metamorphosis of George Sand's yellow Oriental robe into the best evening dress in Paris? Grès's dress will be singular and beautiful for ever, and so shall we.

Let us get Alexandre to loop our hair into spaniel ears and see how it suits us.

How did George Sand make her eyes so effective?

Can that undisciplined passionate prodigal woman be directing our lives?

Maybe she is directing our young men, too. Why else are they all beginning to have hair like Alfred de Musset's and Chopin's and Liszt's? Why are they starting to dress like Flaubert and Théophile Gautier and Lamartine and Prosper Mérimée and Alexandre Dumas fils (all George Sand's friends)? And even our not-so-young men are growing those horrible sideburns.

Let us go to Nohant and look at her tombstone to be sure she is dead. This is the way the stone reads: "Amantine—Lucille—Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant/GEORGE SAND—née à Paris le 1er Juillet 1804/morte à Nohant le 8 Juin 1876."

In the nineteenth century she was unique—in the last third of the twentieth century she is multiple. It has taken us over one hundred years to catch up with her.

This is the speech Victor Hugo wrote for George Sand's funeral:

"I weep for a death and I salute an immortal. Have we lost her? No. These high figures disappear but do not fade. One can nearly say they attain reality. Losing visibility in one form, they become visible in another. Sublime transformation. The human form is occult. It masks the true and divine face, the idea. George Sand was an idea. She is outside her flesh. Behold, she is free. She is dead. Behold, she is living."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The slow stumble of negotiations towards peace in Viet Nam. . . . The surge and the confusions of the infighting before the Republican convention this month. . . . The slinging acrobatics of *The Doves,* one of the show pieces of the touring *Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet,* in which Stanislav Vlasov catches his wife, Liudmilla Vlasova, with one arm as she leaps across stage.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Zbyněk Brynych, the young Czech director, who heats up the terror in his movie *The Fifth Horseman Is Fear* partly by setting certain of his scenes like paintings—some as exactly surrealist as Magrittes, one of showering girls, like a naked harem by Ingres. . . . Tiny Tim, with his great melancholy horseface, twittering his songs of the twenties, happy as his high voice tiptoes through the tulips. . . . The huge talking drum, a kind of jungle Telstar that relays codes all over the Congo, now in the new exhibition of masks, artifacts, and musical instruments in the equally new Hall of Man in Africa at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The angular bleakness of Tammy Grimes who is pretty funny in the comedy *The Only Game in Town* by Frank D. Gilroy who has written another of his slightly acrid plays about losers, this one directed by Barry Nelson who also plays the lead in a semi-crouch, moulding the part around him like charming Silly Putty. . . . Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor in another interminable movie, *Boom!,* with lines rented from Tennessee Williams.

"HAIR" AND THREE OF ITS DEFIANT FAUX-ADOLESCENTS

James Rado and Gerome Ragni, *right,* between them wrote, underwrote, and now nightly perform in the rock musical *Hair;* between them, here, is Lynn Kellogg, one of the direct, peachy performers in this "American tribal love-rock musical" which, after meandering its loony, unpredictable, and exuberant way around the off-off theatre scene of New York for over eight months, has suddenly cascaded, bubbling and burbling, into Broadway, a surefire hit. Broadway and *Hair* make a bisociative explosion; nothing seems less likely than that this kaleidoscope of flesh, bead, frond, and bangle, this sometimes furtively naked celebration of being alive, in love, and not being bald, should conquer the great Squares who are faced with a jungle of dirty feet and hammertoes belonging to a cast intent on using the same charged, explicit sex words that Molly Bloom juggled so successfully in her 1904 soliloquy in *Ulysses,* words that since then have become far more common than the authors of *Hair* realize. What has not become common are the indignities to the American flag, indignities shocking even to those who are far more powerfully opposed to the Viet Nam war than the cast, director, and management of *Hair.* What will probably never be common is the juxtaposition of the name of Jesus Christ to the lead-in to a song called "Sodomy."

Hair has an extraordinary, motley cast of twenty-three giggling, earnest, defiant faux-adolescents, some of whom blaze with talent, most of whom appear never to have seen a stage before, and all of whom, through song, dance, squeak, and shuffle, are engagingly engrossed in showing the audience their Credo. Through a mixture of delirious action and somnolence and petulance, they defy the rules of the theatre and sweep their bewildered, excited, exhilarated (and occasionally glumly resisting) audience into their hirsute world. What redeems *Hair* from collapsing into a ritualistic, faintly tiresome fairy tale is the squinting vision of Rado and Ragni. They have a sense of the ridiculous and the malignant. They and the sour and sometimes sweet music by composer Galt MacDermot are the most permanent matters in *Hair*'s shifting world.

Born, as he emphasizes, in the Vermont *woods,* Ragni attended Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., before coming to New York where he acted in the Open Theatre and at Cafe La Mama and on Broadway in *Hamlet.* "What we saw in the theatre seemed dead," said Rado, who has already appeared on Broadway in *Luther* and *The Lion in Winter. Hair* isn't just alive, it is ravenous.

But perhaps the final ironic paradox of *Hair* is that although it succeeds because of its apparently untrammelled naturalness and nakedness, its vulnerability, it was not until hardheaded professionals and Tom O'Horgan, its new director, channelled the artlessness into artfulness, its naturalness into a more impressive and authentic-looking version of nature that *Hair* finally became a hit.

AVEDON





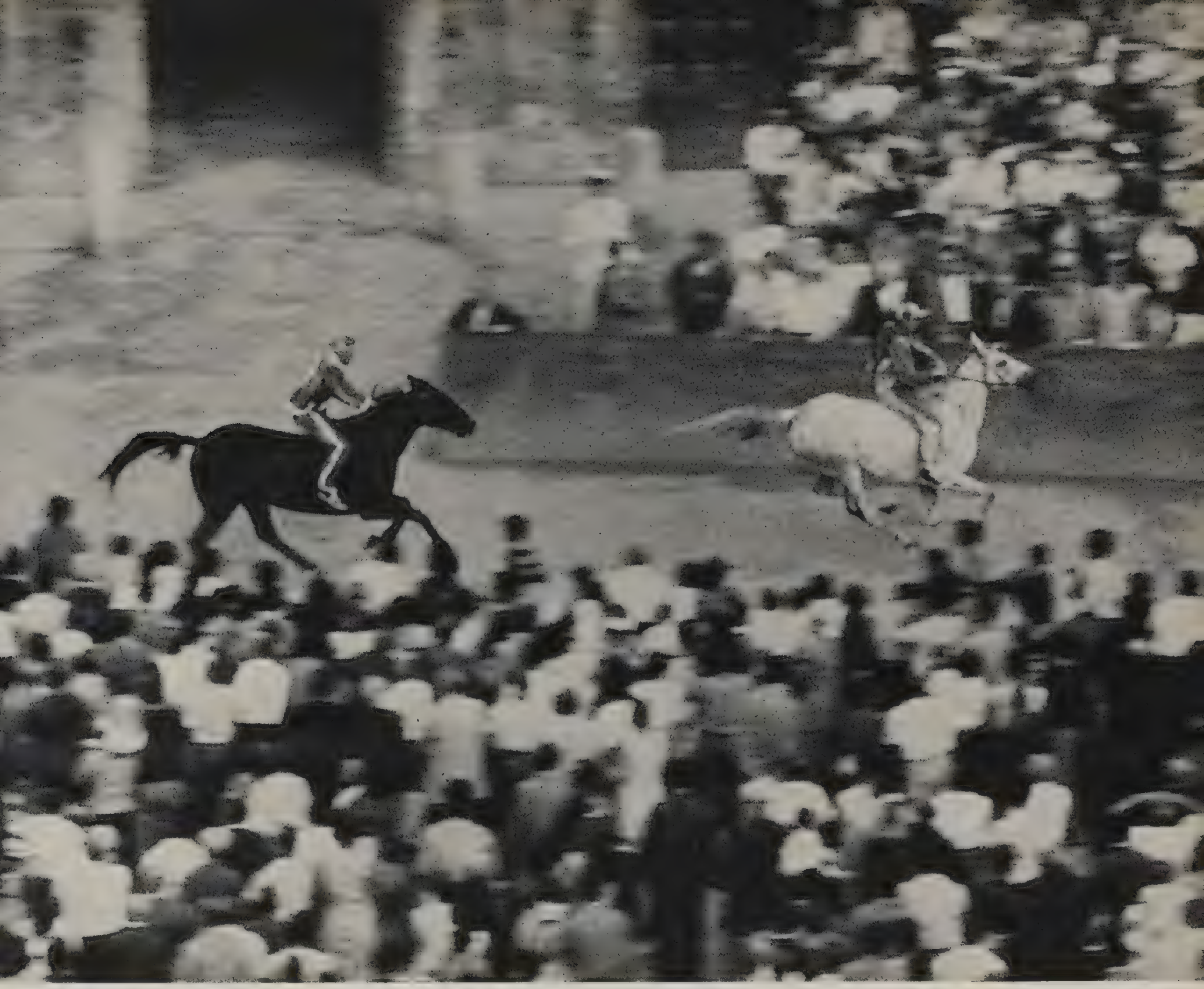
MATTIACCI
"SPACE"
AT FOLIGNO

UGO MULAS

"IF THE TURTLE WINS—"

BY GREGOR VON REZZORI

A SUMMER OF ITALIAN EXTRAVAGANCES, FROM OLD FOLIGNO WITH ITS AVANT-GARDE TO THE DARE OF THE PALIO



THE MADNESS OF THE PALIO RACE AT SIENA

Last summer the Goose was not among the happy ten who ran the race. She had spent most of her money to win a year ago. Poor as she had become, she would not have stood a chance against such powerful competitors as the Eagle, the Shell, the Dragon, the Silkworm, or the Wave. She therefore backed the Turtle. The Turtle is her neighbour and was said to be ready to spend an enormous sum. Some spoke of forty million lire. Anyway, it was a good deal more than most of the others would probably afford.

The city boiled with excitement. It would be sensational if such a large amount of money were spent in vain. On the other hand, it could just as well be only a bluff. As usual, the trouble was that there were too many rumours going, most of them contradictory. Nobody ever knows exactly what goes on before the race, nor does anybody know afterwards how much money had really been spent and where it went.

There is no limit to fantasy, as there is no end to possibilities of fraud and bribery, of any kind of blackmail, even violence. Jockeys can be bought, or scared, or maimed, as well as grooms—as had lately happened to the Porcupine. Other competitors can be bought out—as it may happen this time with the She-Wolf or the Snail. But it is not far fetched, either, to presume that some politician, or even a high clergyman, was persuaded to use his influence to prepare the field for the sweet blossom of victory—as it was said when, once, quite unexpectedly, the Forest won.

In the long history of the race not one case is known in which anybody could have told in detail in what shrewd or ruthless way a victory was bought. Yet everybody knows that it is rarely due to swiftness and racing skill alone when the beautifully painted flag—the Palio—is triumphantly brought to the chapel of the victorious *contrada*, where people embrace one another with tears of joy streaming down their cheeks, blessing the saint who has given them another glorious day.

The saints of Italy show a benevolent tacit understanding for the various means that life's meandering ways sometimes force people to employ, money in particular. When you look up to their lips sealed by mystery over the suffering from so many wounds and the knowledge of so many unseen glories, you feel that you, too, can seal your lips over the secret path that led you to a triumph.

"What triumph?" said the beloved friend with whom we travelled through Italy. "The triumph over the credulity of tourists?"

Oh, by no means. It is genuine. That race has been run for nearly four hundred years, twice every summer: on the second of June and the sixteenth of August. Just go to Siena a few weeks before to feel its tension in the air.

No other air is so ready to vibrate in tension as the air of Tuscany. Breathing it gives you the feeling of smoothly striking over invisible strings spun from the towers of Florence to those of (Continued on next page)

"IF THE TURTLE

Fiesole and of Arezzo, of Lucca and of Pisa, of Siena, and of astonishing San Gimignano: slim, sharp-edged towers shooting up boldly into the sky. That sky is hollowed over Tuscany like the body of a mediaeval lute, ready to resound at the slightest touch of the strings.

Yet there is no music in the air if not the spheric music played by the angels of Filippo Lippi and Benozzo Gozzoli that accompany the various sufferings and glorifications of the saints. In other less virile parts of Italy —such as the Veneto, for instance—the sky may seem a huge blue violin, curved and curled by the sea and by the undulated contours of baroque palazzi that shape its brim. The view strays in a lavishly inviting horizon. Space dissolves and floats as time goes by like one sweet swelling and fading sound.

The ancient lute of Tuscany is more severe, though not less poetic. Its body is shaped in the spheric triangle of a shell, its ribs uniting in the shell's strong link. There the bar of the lute shoots out, sharp-edged and broken at its end in a flat angle enforcing the tension of the strings. In Tuscany the view never strays. There is always one marked point that catches it, holding the space around in a decided perspective.

When you walk through the streets of Siena, so narrow that your shoulders rub the stony walls of the severe palazzi of some of Italy's most noble families, every now and then an even narrower flight of steps invites you to descend to what seems to be a shallow pool of sunlight filtered out of the shade between the walls. It is the centre of the town, the Piazza del Campo, where the race is run. You will be struck by its space. It opens like the two halves of a shell of which the one half of grey pavement ribbed by radiant stripes of black marble, lying at your feet, holds the other half of transparent blue above in a strong yet fragile harmony. Yonder, in front of you, where the two halves link, up shoots the tower of the Signoria—the Palazzo Pubblico.

Go there on an early morning a few days before the race. The tower of the Signoria casts a sharp shadow across the Campo's shallow mould. This shadow touches the front of one of the massive palazzi that enclose the Campo and give it depth. It will touch them one by one, like a sundial, as the day gets higher and the ancient colours—the pale Pompeian red, the bleached yellow of peaches, and the fading pistachio green—tremble under the strain of rejecting the sun's assaults.

For the moment, though, everything lies motionless. Even the falcons that, high up above the tower's crest, thrust their slim bodies like hooked arrow-points into the immaculate blue, seem to hang there suspended between earth and heaven since ever and forever. The air is lucid to a point that borders madness. Slowly, one by one, the city's most dignified loiterers will turn up and flock around the empty chairs of the cafés, waiting for someone to come and buy one of them an espresso and discuss with him the presumable chances of the Owl, the Tower, the Giraffe, the Panther, and the Unicorn. Their bodies, clad in garments of a tatty, bygone elegance, are twisted like the roots of olive trees. Their profiles are designed by Paolo Uccello and Piero della Francesca.

Time seems to be irrelevant. Its notion unexpectedly falls down on you with a sound that makes your nerves vibrate. From the tower of the Signoria the bell rings seven and a half. Its sound is broken as in a flat angle. No other bell in Italy has that sharp-edged yet morbid sound of iron green with age. It is the sound of an overtensed string rather than that of a bell. Still, it seems to be the very marrow of a bell's sound—of the sound of all the bells that, in a moment when you are lost in space and the delusion of timelessness, remind you that you are subdued by Time.

"That is precisely what I feel this very moment," said our most beloved friend in a delightful Russian accent. "Let us stop for luncheon."

* * *

It may be necessary to say a few words about our friend. Hers is a kind of earth-bound soberness, open to the senses and to good sense, that becomes as rare as people who live their lives in leisure are becoming rare in our days. Living in leisure implies a particular intelligence, much more matter-of-fact than the intelligence implied by work. All work implies abstraction. It brings the non-existent to existence. Workers are revolutionists. They deny the imperfection of the existing and therefore defy reality by creating another, more perfect reality. Idlers are choosers. They accept reality in its imperfection, but they make it endurable by selection.

It is curious to think that aestheticism is much rather the matter of Sancho Panza than of Don Quixote, yet it is the fact. However, as a human prototype, such mental structure has something eternal, at the same time highly anachronistic. For ours is not an era of earth-bound Sancho Panzas but much rather the time of Don Quixotes who seek an imagined reality, either in the future or in the past, but who certainly don't live in the present accepting the existing with a firm grip and trying to get out the best of it. Now, if you meet the mind of Sancho Panza sublimely transmigrated to a great lady, who also represents a great bygone past, you are very soon at a loss with your own stand in reality.

Furthermore, we were travelling to Venice, and Venice is of particular troublesomeness, as far as our sense of reality is concerned. Had I been fortunate enough to encounter Ernest Hemingway, I would have asked him to talk to me about that curious city. It can't be only accident that the hero of his last novel, *Across the River and into the Trees*, when he becomes aware of being threatened by a fatal heart attack, quickly goes to Venice to pass there those last hours, each loaded like a machine gun with 3600 seconds, of which one will be deadly.

"Why, Mr. Hemingway," I would have asked, "is it just Venice of all cities that offers itself as the most suitable place for such a Russian duel with Time? Should you have felt and, in your tough manly way, expressed what, nearly half a century ago, the late Thomas Mann expressed in a more bourgeois, more scrupulous way in *Death in Venice?*

"Your gallant hero in *Across the River,* the hard-drinking warrior, waterfowl hunter, and monosyllabic lady-killer, balances every moment of his existence on the razor's edge of the alternative between death and survival. His time vibrates in the short frequency of high tension, carrying a rapid sequence of images that flash by like a film. Yet every one of these images contains the full gift of reality.

"Thomas Mann's more scrupulous bourgeois, on the other hand, perceives the flight of time as a rolling wave of transitoriness. Reality is vague and questionable, only to be established a posteriori by memory, and then so heartbreakingly irretrievable that, towards the ending of the stream of days, it decays to sweet, mad unreality, bewitching like the swelling and fading of a sound.

"In both cases it is the ending of their individual time—their deaths—that opens their senses to the horror of the perception of Time objectively, a horror to which their answer is a last convulsive intensification of their existence. And in both cases this happens in Venice, in its ambiguity of space. They say that the tomb of the prophet Mohammed is suspended between earth and heaven. Do you believe it lies on Piazza San Marco?"

Hemingway, alas, is dead, and so, alas, is Thomas Mann. I shall never get an answer to my questions. Last summer only made them more imminent. Venice received us in the full glory of its beauty. Trying to grasp its reality

WINS—"

with a firm grip, as Sancho Panza would have done (and as our beloved friend did without hesitation), we only grasped our own unreality as Don Quixote did at his end.

* * *

Throughout Italy, that summer was different from other summers because the foreigners were in the minority. Italy was left to the Italians. One became aware that Venice is an Italian city. This the Venetians alone would never have achieved. The Venetians are Italians only outside Venice. In Venice they are supremely Venetians. To make Venice an Italian city, it needed the supply of other Italians who are Italians in a more energetic, more robust way: Milanese, for instance, or Romans, or even Neapolitans. They speak a more virile Italian—as if out of a hairier chest, although not quite as hairy as the chests of Hemingway heroes. But they seem more active, more dynamic, more people of our time. Still, they were very much at home in Venice, just as if it were a summer resort like any other in Italy and not one of the world's most beautiful monstrosities: a city that dreams itself and sells the dream to anybody who passes by.

Venice got a delightful touch of soberness. Through this it seemed to have come out of its ambiguous floating in time and space. It felt a closer link with the continent, more safely based on its frail foundations of rotting pillars, and much more of the present: As if its clocks, after centuries of standstill, had been set and wound up again.

Of course, this was only a delusion, the more dangerous as it was a pleasant one. You can't deceive reality without deceiving yourself; and the reality of Venice is unreal. What had happened, in fact, was that some very special Italians had come to Venice, attracted by the promise that, once again, they would be among themselves.

The motorboat that picks up the guests of the luxurious hotels on the Grand Canal to carry them to the Lido was mainly occupied by young mothers whose candid manners gave away the fact that they were still obedient daughters. Their children seemed to be born and brought up for the sole purpose of gracefully prolonging the chain of generations in steady continuity. Highly prejudiced governesses watched over their development into precisely the same well-bred, occasionally a bit anaemic, certainly a trifle naughty upper-class people their forebears were. Their voices, their faces, their movements emitted a prewar quality.

On the Lido, in front of the Hotel Excelsior, they ornamented the beach in family groups, each with its centrepiece, grand'maman, the matriarch. These imposing ladies happened to be the Giulianella, Giovannella, Domitilla, of whom our friend had told us many stories on our way to Venice and whom we automatically had imagined in the full blossom of their youth and beauty.

In fact, should there have been a countess around generous enough to huddle on the sick but hairy cardiac region of a Hemingway hero, it could only have been one of them. Compared with their rocky self-confidence, the younger generation seemed scrupulous, anxious to arrange the *tableaux vivants* of a never endangered respectability. The matriarchs gave the spooky scenery of revived Victorianism a solid credibility by simply changing the quality of Time.

Served and buttled by private beach boys and waiters, merrily entertained by perfectly well-preserved gentlemen with whom the matriarchs had already flirted half a century ago, they squatted under the canopies of their cabañas, testifying by the elegance of their Emilio Pucci beach clothes that they had stood their ground here just as boldly, once upon a time, in their Paul Poirets.

The Adriatic smiled at them in serene connivance. Time did not flicker in a feverish sequence of violent images like an Andy Warhol film. It streamed in a soft steady flow, lazily weaving the pattern of life's eternal continuity, equally carrying on the reality of the not-any-more-existing as well as the unreality of the still-existing.

To such congenial summer guests Venice bade an enthusiastic welcome. Its anachronism became intensely actual, its irrationality highly reasonable. After all, this city was once very reasonably built into the sea in order to escape barbaric hordes that invaded the continent—even if its monstrous beauty seems a final triumph of madness over reason. Now it had become a luxurious gondola carrying the mirage of a bygone world.

"Well," said our beloved friend, quietly sipping her Bellini, "didn't I tell you it is beautiful? Believe me: The snobs are always right."

"Will you then come with us to Siena, too?"

"No, my dears. You may write to me what you have found there."

* * *

So that was why last summer we nearly came too late to see the Turtle win the Palio, to the satisfaction of the Goose. We felt a little guilty when we drove our age-bent Fiat over the dam to Mestre, setting Rosinante's outworn rubber hoofs on the soil of the continent, guilty as Don Quixote always felt when he had given in to Sancho Panza's worldly persuasions; guilty, at the same time, of being romantic escapists like Don Quixote. An undeniable and undeceivable reality received us: Italy, a country burdened with a past that had not only brought the glories of the Etruscans, the Latins, and the Renaissance but also any kind of destruction, misery, frustration.

Driving south on the road towards Bologna, we saw the other face of Italy, the one of Fellini's *La Strada*, poverty-stricken and heartbreakingly human even when it is cruel, ruthless, and vile. We felt how much we love this country.

We had two more days' time till the Palio. First we would go to Foligno to see an exhibition of avant-garde Italian sculpture and painting. We had received an invitation, a folder with a detail of a painting of Piero della Francesca: an egg hanging on a thread. The exhibition was named "The Space of Image."

Foligno lies in Umbria, between Assisi and Spoleto. We arrived there pretty late at night, and when next morning we stepped into the courtyard of Palazzo Trinci, where the exhibition was, we could not help feeling slightly irritated by the violence with which its fourteenth-century architecture once again imposed on us the greatness of the past. To fight this in a legitimate way by means of modern art was certainly a noble task.

A flight of steps, lapidarily attached to one huge wall, led us up to some spacious rooms with heavy ceilings of carved and painted beamwork and frescoed walls. Each artist had been given one of those rooms in order to create his space within.

* * *

Right away, the first space into which we stepped struck us as highly effective. Here Michelangelo Pistoletto had put three big cylindric vases of plaster on the floor, each encircling, like the enclosure of a well, a mirror on its bottom. Looking down in one, we saw our heads immersed in a strictly defined space formed by the depth of the enclosure and the reflection of the ceiling in the mirror, between the two of which our faces floated in strange suspense.

I think that man's first real figurative experience," Pistoletto had written in the catalogue, "is to recognize his own image in the mirror, the fiction which is most similar to reality. But immediately afterwards, the reflection from the mirror will begin to send back the same uncertainties, the same questions, the problems posed by reality."

This was a good beginning, so we stepped onwards and found ourselves in a labyrinthic cage of wood and wire netting, a transparent box that contained another smaller box that contained another (Continued on page 116)

YOUR BATH, THE DOCTOR

A doctor in the house: your bath. Domesticated spa. Psychiatrist, dermatologist. Soother of psyche, smoother of skin. Booster upper, calmer downer. Energizer, tranquillizer. Flexible meaner of different things to different people at different times. Supplemented by fragrant bubbles and oils and "milks" and sulphur, it's skin doctor—moisturizing, polishing the body. And it gets supplemented as the locale directs. "My bath life in New York, hélas," said a dazzler-about-Manhattan, "is restricted to the quick shower, an overall scrub with a hemp mitt, a dousing of body lotion, a change of makeup while the lotion takes—then dressed and out again. When I holiday in Provence, however, the story is different. At our vineyard there, two magnificent *tilleuls*—lime trees—are wild and sweet and filled with honeyed yellow blossoms. In addition to pleasing the bees, the blossoms are wonderfully calming and curative as a bath infusion. Small sachets of the dried flowers submerged in warm bath water de-jangle one completely." . . . De-jangler in the village of Fortín de las Flores in Mexico is very *fresh gardenias,* set afloat anew in the hotel pool each morning. . . . De-jangler wherever the Beverly Hills beauty consultant, Aida Grey, happens to bathe is *fresh flower petals,* any flowers that happen to be handy—and fragrant. . . . De-jangler popular in Europe and now in high tide on our shores is the *sea bath,* prescriptions that in a landlocked tub call up the ocean's famously restorative powers. Pseudo-sea is what they create, *algotherapy* is what the joys of them are sometimes called, and seaweed is often the prime mover among their ingredients. Algae Baths, made from specially processed Brittany seaweed, have recently established a beachhead in the U.S.A., and just contemplating their reported accomplishments (detoxifying, relaxing, stimulating, reducing) should charm a bather. . . . Revlon's new Seawater Bath Concentrate, a surfy blue sea-scented liquid, contains minerals, salts, underwater plant extracts that propose to be serenely and marinely therapeutic. . . . As does Algemarin Sea Foam Bath from West Germany—this one's a blue gel crammed with sea algae. It inspired one young bath connoisseur to reflect, "I loved best the baths I had in Paris. At the Crillon, the maid put a packet of Algemarin by the tub each night, and I'd float in blue seaweed from 7:30 to 8. For me, the bath must always connote the sea. Otherwise I'd take a shower." . . . *Fruits and vegetables:* If you don't care to stock your porcelain pond with newly-plucked specimens, you can vegetate briefly and brilliantly in their powdered-bath versions. Some such from Milan specify type of skin. Tomato's for dry, cucumber and lemon for oily, orange for normal—and juniper, the driving force of gin, is quite logically for the bath you take as a tonic. . . . *Bath tools* quicken the cure, starting with the devices that whisk away dry skin, zip up circulation. These are—it may surprise some to know—more of a necessity than a luxury, since the skin's outermost horny layer must be constantly removed to keep the sebaceous and sweat glands clear and the body functioning properly. Rough cloths, brushes, and loofahs do this. You can grow your own loofah—it's a gourd with a fibrous interior, sometimes called the "dishcloth gourd." But it's much easier to buy one, tailored into mitten shape. Hemp is another mitt with a heap of fans. And just about every kind of brush, including laundry, is brushing up the Beautiful Torsos. All of this kind of body massage is thought to be especially helpful in dislodging cellulite fat (see *right*), and one spiky rubber brush has just been imported from France for this specific purpose. For shower people, the mitts and brushes serve as vehicles for bath oils and friction lotions. Janis Paige, Broadway's newest *Mame,* scrubs on Vitabath with loofah and washes her short hair under the shower for energy just before curtain time. . . . Haven't we come a long frothy way since that eminently respectable Philadelphia lady took a bath in 1799 and reported in her journal: ". . . bore it better than I expected, not having been wett all over at once for 28 years past." (More Orders of the Bath, page 10.)

YOURSELF, THE MASSEUSE

Cellulite's the European malaise that American women have always had—but not until recently known the right word for. The condition involves stubborn patches of fat that convene in the arms, hips, thighs, ankles, abdomen, endowing the affected skin with a dimply orange-peel texture. Along with the proper word for cellulite has come news of certain ruthless counterattacks. Among them, these self-massage routines, aimed at the demolition of specific cellulite entrenchments. You might want to slide into them with a lubricant like Borghese Salon Massage Oil—or Elizabeth Arden's Body Cream. . . . In these massage exercises, the movements should always go up, never down. . . . To knead, manipulate gently by pressing and folding the flesh. . . . To wring, twist both hands in opposite directions, as if you were wringing out a towel. . . . To iron out, make fists, then with knuckles "iron" the flesh upward.

1. LEGS. *Grasp one ankle with both hands. Wring and twist up to knee, massaging as you go. Repeat for other leg. . . . Iron out legs, moving up with knuckles. . . .* INNER THIGH. *Knead excess flesh as you would bread. Then iron out.*

2. STOMACH. *Pull it in tight. Grab excess fat, knead sideways, both hands, back and forth.*

3. ARMS. *Twist back and forth and upwards with one hand. Iron out.*

4. DERRIÈRE. *Stand sideways, about 4" from wall. Spank rear end against wall, turning slightly so that full back end is not hitting Spank one hip, then turn and spank the other.*

YOUR BATH, ITS SEASIDE MANNER

The sea bath: turner-onner. Here, a secluded Moroccan sea cove turns on the visagiste *in the bather, moves her to play with makeup the way Moroccan women do. Daylight is their makeup playlight, terra-cotta pots their tools. . . . Chain by Universal, in a bikini design by Sant' Angelo, who also plotted the pots and the coloured hair dangles.*

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



READY-TO-WEAR HAIR

WHAT'S NEW IN WIG AND WIGLET LIFE

Hair—true or false? No matter now. It's the look of hair that matters, not its validity. And ready-to-wear hair—getting better all the time—is one of the rewards of the age we live in. To be learned about, and enjoyed for all it's worth. Available now: Hair for all seasons, for all purposes, to reflect a variety of moods from romantic to groovy, from lovelock to love-rock—having worked itself, in the latter Hair-style, into a sassy fling of a musical that now is the crowning glory of Broadway. Hair, in *Hair,* is celebrated in a joyful paean with the beat beating, the words bleating, "Give me a head with hair, Long beautiful hair, Shining, gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen . . . Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my HAAAIIRR . . ."* All very well. But the best part is something else: Neither you, nor God, need bother growing it. Wig-life, as a way of life, is here.

Wig-life has faced reality now. The wiggy screaming-false look is no more. In just about all price-ranges, the appearance of the hair is apt to stump the experts. Workmanship, even by machine, has made strides. The stiff bathing-cap feeling has been replaced by more comfort; stretch-bases, made of soft elasticized net, are light and easy to wear, adjust to the shape and size of the head. Try-ons, of course, must happen —some wigs are bigger and deeper than others. Real hair is still the most luxurious, but synthetics are edging up with a lot of news. They've lost their tattletale shine and stiffness with new processes to make them more lifelike, pliable, style-able; they're also colour-fast, hand-washable, good about humidity. When real hair is used, it's the quality and quantity of hair that determines much of the cost.

Ready-to-wear hair—in all versions: full wigs, smaller hairpieces, long falls—should be treated like a pet. Kept for the pleasure of it, and cared for wisely. This wig-wisdom from a knowing stylist: Put on your new hair right away, to get acquainted. It will take several wearings to give you the feel of it, to learn how to handle it. After taking it off, brush or comb it into readiness for the next time out. Give it room to breathe; wig boxes shouldn't be air-tight. A chiffon scarf serves well as a wrapping. If the hair gets static and fly-away, put it in the refrigerator overnight; cold air helps it back to neatness. Most wigs are pleasingly packable—one wig buff we know, who packs three mini-stretch wigs, puts tissue paper inside them first and slips them into Baggies. Special sprays are available for wigs, but use this sparingly—the more spray, the more cleaning required. Cleaning, for real-hairpieces, should be done professionally; synthetics can usually be washed at home in gentle shampoo. Ask about this when buying. And for special advice before buying, geared to your own particular needs, it's wise to consult your hairdresser. He'll know, for sure. . . .

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MARY QUANT

Frame the Face is the idea of hair now, and a collection of frames—via wigs and wiglets—gives the face in the picture more excitement. The frames here: Long bangs, loose layers curving under the chin, these being the natural endowments of Jean Shrimpton, opposite; wiggery comes in with a long fall of hair attached at the crown, and reaching over the shoulders. Above, Mary Quant framed, pi-Quantly, in short shiny hair with a long brush of bangs, pin-on sideburns. Surprise brunette below—Mia Farrow, in a full wig of long dark hair, bangs to the brows. For other fascinating framework for faces, see the next pages. *More details, page 115.*

MIA FARROW



JEAN SHRIMPTON

DAVID BAILEY

READY-TO-WEAR

HAIR

PENN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

Chief reward of ready-to-wear hair is the possibility for change—for indulging in the variety of great hair looks around now. All so enchanting. Who could decide? Who needs to? Have all....Consider the Cadogan, left, named for the dashing English general: Hair drawn back, smoothed over a fall of real hair attached at the crown, doubled up and tied at the nape with a ribbon. Framing the face, one's own hair in wavy guiches, curving deep over the cheeks. At right, an evening plan for hair, using three sources: your own hair at the front with small guiches, a postiche of real hair looped at the crown, a long fall of synthetic hair flowing, like shimmering cloth, to the middle of the back. Both coiffures, by Kenneth—who styles wigs and wiglets, services them, sells them, and cheerfully teaches women how to work with them at home. Bellwether of the boom in ready-to-wear hair: Kenneth's wig salon, now staffed with four men where, just two years ago, there was only one....*(More, next page)*

READY-TO-WEAR HAIR

To match a nostalgic mood and, perhaps, a spectacular evening dress—the polished head, linear, pure-browed, with this romantic involvement: a hairpiece of real hair, looped to a figure 8, at the back. Her own hair, brushed back and twisted to a little knot, then divided into two lovelocks that fall to the sides of the hairpiece, curl loosely at the neck.



Face in a different frame—Lauren Hutton, her own long blond toss of hair covered here by a synthetic stretch wig, cut in amusing little layers of curls. A charming young switch—to compare with other photographs of Miss Hutton, wigless, in this issue, starting with the cover. Hair on these pages—true and false—all arranged by Kenneth.

PENN



The Perfect Bosom

"We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts:/What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" SONG OF SONGS VIII:8

"I am a wall, and my breasts like towers:/Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour." IBID, VIII:10

" 'When did you last sleep with a woman?'
" 'Three weeks ago.'
" 'Tell me all about it.'
" 'Snowy breasts fitting into champagne glasses. . . .' " DARKNESS AT NOON—ARTHUR KOESTLER

A woman's breasts, be she Venus, virgin, or madonna, are surely the most highly personal part of her anatomy, the part of her body symbolizing both to herself and to others her femininity. Yet they are only one of her secondary sex characteristics, and do not appear until she has already developed a good part of her sense of the female rôle. In spite of this, they spell womanhood to her, and often to others as well.

The female breast, one of our experts informed us pedantically, is a cutaneous appendage made up of glands which undergo change during pregnancy. The other of our authorities (both heads of plastic surgery in two of New York's largest hospitals) said, "The breast, of all the organs in the body, displays the greatest variations in size. During a woman's life, from the time she is born until the time she dies, her breasts can be one of the most wildly variable parts of her body. She has none until she is ten or eleven; then she gets little rose buds, and then maybe anything from an A cup to a D cup; then with pregnancy the breasts may expand or become atrophic, get stretched or flatten out, change shape or sag. Then, in an older woman, long after menopause, they may atrophy and involute along with the rest of the sexual organs. Your liver, your heart, your thyroid gland, your lungs, all these stay the same size through your adult life. But the breasts vary widely—not just between women, but in the same woman."

In other eras, breasts have been shaped and controlled by clothing. They have been propped up on whalebone, suspended on straps, separated by wires, filled out with padding. The hour of truth with one's husband or lover at least could be manoeuvred so that it took place in the dark. But concealment is no longer possible in the stripped-down sixties. In this decade, each change of fashion that has come along has demanded greater perfection of women's bodies, as their clothing has approached closer and closer to the ideal of nudity. Sheer blouses to be worn over nothing but a perfect figure, the breasts adorned with nothing but a blossomed nipple, are shown by fashion houses quite seriously today. The bare breast is passing from the realm of the outré into that of chic.

How lovely for the girl with the perfectly rounded breast, the breast that fits into a champagne glass! Less good, though, for leftovers from the Jayne Mansfield era. Even, let's face it, not too terribly good for Twiggies. If small is In, flat is still definitely Out.

The first things which come to women's minds who are looking for less than nude perfection are exercise and brassières. Although exercise can not really affect the size of a woman's breasts, because her breasts contain no muscle tissue, it can do much to promote the Perfect Bosom by strengthening her chest and back muscles and teaching her to hold her shoulders properly—for it is nearly certain that the woman who is ashamed of her breasts will have bad posture; quite unconsciously she will hunch her shoulders and make her chest concave in a hiding gesture. This enhances neither the too-large nor the too-small breast, and women with less than perfect breasts will do well to pursue an exercise routine such as the one on the following page —as will women with perfectly satisfactory breasts, in this sedentary age. As for brassières, a good corsetière who treats individual problems with care and experience can help her customer to choose a brassière which will make her breasts appear larger, with padding, or erect, with support. But she can not solve the problem of what to wear under a see-through blouse meant to reveal perfect nudity, or the loose easy fashions of our time, so specifically designed to cover unrestrained body perfection.

Possibly one of the reasons why fashion has dared to bare the breast as it has is the fact that, with better nutrition in infancy and childhood, girls are apt to have healthier, more beautiful bodies. There's also a strong suspicion on the part of corsetières that the use of birth-control pills by young women has resulted in generally larger cup sizes.

While this theory has no real statistical backing, a belief does exist among doctors that there is a tendency for the bosom to stay firm longer (Continued on page 113)

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG LIVES IN PARIS AND ROME. ACTS IN FILMS, IS ONE OF THE GREAT BEAUTIES OF OUR GENERATION

JEANLOUP SIEFF

The perfect-bosom exercise–

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

You must have noticed—we certainly have: most contemporary dancers have marvellous bosoms. Firm. High. . . . Which observation has led us once again to our old chum Frank Wagner, mentor of modern-jazz at the International Dance School, hero of the all-in-one exercise in January 1 Vogue—and choreographer of the Shoulder Isolations demonstrated here by Lauren Hutton. In this dancer's exercise. it's the shoulders that do the work; the bosom just reaps benefits. Reason being, all the muscles that come in for tightening are the ones the bosom depends on for tone and lift: the muscles in the chest, just above the bosom: the muscles that run from under the arms, alongside the breasts; the muscles in the wings of the back—think of a brassière without cups but well-strapped and built-up high at the sides and back, and you've got the picture. . . . Now. Get yourself a mirror so you can see what you're doing. Get some jazz music going so you can do it in syncopated 4/4 time. Now get your *body in proper position:* Stand erect, legs apart; buttocks tucked under, abdomen pulled in; neck and head up, relaxed; shoulders down, relaxed. Bend elbows straight out at the sides and place hands low on hips, thumbs pressing down in back, fingers ditto in front; you should feel that you're actually holding up and elongating your rib cage, keeping it—and your elbows—as unmoving as possible throughout. As for the *Shoulder Isolations* themselves: there are seven in all, and the left shoulder goes first—

1. PRESS shoulder straight forward. Place at centre. PRESS it straight back. Replace at centre. Do 4 times. **2.** Same as above but do not stop at centre—PRESS forward, PRESS back. 4 times. **3.** Lift shoulder straight up. PRESS it down—hard. 8 times. **4.** Front Roll—place shoulder straight forward; roll by lifting it up, bringing it all the way back, then down to centre. Do 4 Rolls. **5.** Back Roll—reverse of above. Do 4 Rolls. **6.** Move shoulder straight forward with SHARP ACCENT, let it fall back naturally. 8 times. **7.** Reverse of above—accent only back movement. 8 times. Repeat Isolations with right shoulder, then both shoulders together. Relax between sets by crossing your arms in big windmilly circles.

BERRY BERENSON





SMOOTH LITTLE INSIDERS THAT BEAT THE SYSTEM

New underpinnings that make a new way to dress—the quickest, easiest way with these little efficiency experts that beat the old system of dressing by doing more than one job. No complications. No duplication of effort. Everything simplified, in the smoothest black nylon jersey. Chemise and brassière, left, doing two jobs with one set of straps. Lace cups, underwired; brief slip-shape with lacy hem. By Matej Sherko for Character, of black Caprolan nylon jersey (Mil-Art fabric); about $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. The leotard shirt, right, another double-duty idea with button-down collar, shirt cuffs, smooth little bikini legs. Add a tweed dirndl, culottes, or wide straight pants, and presto—dressed. By Van Raalte, of black Caprolan nylon jersey; about $13. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Robert Originals belt: Altman's Studio 3. Coiffures, these and the next two pages, by Hugh Harrison; Cleopatra hairpieces.

ALEXIS WALDECK





SMOOTH LITTLE INSIDERS THAT BEAT THE SYSTEM

Pantie-girdle and stockings, left, an inspired combination that beats the bumpy-garters system—this, the smoothest little black girdle in power net of Lycra with front and back panels of Caprolan nylon jersey (in a nice weightier texture). The stockings, shadowy opaque black nylon. By Fortuna; about $7. At Best & Co.; Sakowitz.

Culotte slip to the waist, right, simplifying the system of dressing by serving as both panties and slip. Closed with a side placket; deep lace hem. The brassière, small and pretty-shaped, with wide-set straps. Both by Eve Stillman, of black Caprolan nylon jersey. Culotte slip, about $11; brassière, about $7. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

ALEXIS WALDECK



VOGUE
PATTERN
1884

THE SMASH OF LEATHER

Real leather, fake leather—both smashing this year and really super, here, on Lauren Hutton. Suède zip dress, right, with plenty of zap. Rust-coloured suède in an easy A-shape with a big ringed zipper ending at low patch pockets, and deep-cut armholes to make room for an ivory crêpe shirt with wide sleeves cuffed tight at the wrist. Vogue Pattern 7292. Janice Leather. Macy's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Shirt by Sarff-Zumpano. Both coiffures by Alan of Kenneth. Shiny vinyl shirtdress, left: a fast zip and you're ready to go, Western style. Chestnut-brown vinyl closed by a hidden zipper and gleamy with metal—nailheads on the collar, yoke, tab front; a brassy buckled belt; and golden chains. Vogue Pattern 1884. Cohama vinyl. Gimbels; L. S. Ayres; Carson Pirie Scott. Calderon belt: Bloomingdale's. Jack Gilbert chain: Lord & Taylor. Bagatelle pendant. Berkshire knee socks, at Altman's. Shoes by Golo. For back views, sizes, and details see page 115.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7292

PENATI



VOGUE PATTERN 7345

THE DASH OF KNIT



Bright, bouncy knits in navy and white —easy to move and groove in—wear them right now, wear them anytime.... Navy crossed by white, far left: short, sleeveless navy knit with wide, clean bars of white meeting at the waist. Vogue Pattern 7315. Rings: Sant' Angelo; Pakula. Marvella bracelets around ankles. Navy topped by white, left: the wide white-buckled belt divides a snug little gathered white top and a folded navy skirt. Vogue Pattern 1927. Americana Design by Chester Weinberg. Beau-Craft bracelet around the ankle. Both knits of Jasco worsted jersey knitted in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. The coiffures on both pages are by Charles Simpson of Saks Fifth Avenue. For back views, details, and sizes, see page 115.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 1927

PENELOPE'S TREE HOUSE

Penelope Tree describing her dream house– the holiday house of her parents, Ronald and Marietta Tree, at Heron Bay in Barbados.

"The house," said Penelope Tree, "looks as though it had been there forever, since before time began. It is my dream house, the most beautiful place I think I have ever seen. I can't think why it is called Heron Bay—perhaps some summer day, a heron flapped slowly away like a miracle, and someone thought it was a common occurrence. The house was built in 1947, by my parents and the architect Geoffrey Jellicoe, all of white coral—as most houses are in Barbados. Coral doesn't burn or blow down, it seems eternal; the elements don't hurt it, yet each year it grows more beautiful, with plants and little living things growing out, and over, and around it. So now it looks rather like—like a submerged house, as though, if a tidal wave were to cover it, it would be at rest again. This, on the left, is our dining room—a place for all weathers but especially for summer—under the steps leading to the living room, the only room on the upper level. From each side of the dining room stretch the bedrooms in two curved arcades. Most of the furniture, and all the furniture in the dining room, was made on the island. The house is so much my father's. He conceived it, he is totally at home here, it is the centre of his life. We had such fun taking these pictures—here both of us are smiling together behind the main gates, which don't lead anywhere or bar out anything—but my happy smile is slightly strained since the ground is extremely hot, I'm wearing bare feet, and they are burning. It is the happiest place I know. One could stay there for ever. It is a house out of Atlantis."

PATRICK LICHFIELD



PENELOPE'S TREE HOUSE

"A most beautiful house–totally welcoming, totally easy."

"Because the house is built of coral, which ages at different speeds in different places," added Penelope, "the inside walls of our house keep changing marvellously, especially in the living room *(at the left)*, where there are little patches of blue, and sort of pink, and off-white among the white. Everyone congregates in this room. If you're like me and keep brushing against things or sit down on a table instead of a chair by mistake, it's not a disaster."

Marietta Tree, Penelope's mother, said: "Most of the furniture was made by the carpenter here, but all our Italian-painted pieces are copies of furniture in the Palazzo Rezzonico—the museum of seventeenth-century furniture in Venice. The screen at the end of the room is a Venetian stage set which my husband found in Venice, and the round flower painting on the right wall is one of three that my husband bought and which he thinks are Portuguese."

Penelope described the morning room *(top right)*. "It's a kind of repository for shells really—with a shell-shaped mirror and alcoves—and lots of shells all around the room. People write letters here, read, and in theory everyone adds to the collection of shells by giving some of the pretty ones *they* have found on the beach. In practice everyone plunders like mad—me especially—for presents to bring back to New York."

All of the Tree family talk with love about this house. Describing the dining room *(centre right)*, Mrs. Tree said, "The flowers and leaves and berries scattered over the table are arranged by our butler, who simply likes to make a banquet out of our evening meal."

Below right, the façade of the Tree house. "We built it," said Mrs. Tree, "very soon after we were married and it's not simply a holiday house—it's a terribly happy place where all the family is at home. We all of us—but especially my husband—take part in the life of the island." Ronald Tree, who was for thirteen years a Member of the British Parliament, is now on the Council of the University of the West Indies; plays a great part in the planned parenthood movement in Barbados; started a hotel on the island; and is head of its National Trust, which, among other activities, established a botanical garden, Welchman's Hall Gully, that has become famous. "The gully—open to the public—is full of the most extraordinary and marvellous plants and flowers and a tropical forest with lianas and monkeys," said Mrs. Tree. "It is like a Douanier Rousseau."

PATRICK LICHFIELD







PENELOPE'S TREE HOUSE

"as much a place of outside as inside"

"When you first arrive from New York," Penelope said, "fleeing towards peace, you can't *believe* the noise here; the waves thunder, the tree frogs absolutely bellow. Yet after one day, it's background silence."

Marietta Tree *(opposite)* said, "I carry a parasol because of the sun. The equestrian statue was bought by my husband and is by Meštrovic, a Yugoslavian sculptor. There are so many different plants around—these are green- and pink-leaved ones with pink, or white, or light-green striations on the leaves."

Opposite, below, inside and outside: "The bed in the main bedroom," said Mrs. Tree, "was made in New York and the canopy in Barbados. The lions in the garden are from France and are copies of lions by Canova."

"I think they look like big paperweights," Penelope said, "one snarling, one with his face in his paws. I sit on them. Here, *left,* I'm leaping—with joy? Or again because the sand is hot?—Anyway I did the leaping at Bathsheba, on the other side of the island, which isn't far away in miles—although it takes *hours* because of the wind-y roads—but looks like a completely different island. Little Scotland it's called, because it's so bleak and barren, and it doesn't seem so hot. The waves are enormous, and going there is always an adventure."

Above: A Portuguese chandelier hangs above chairs made in Barbados for dreaming in. Marietta Tree said, "Our roots are really down in Barbados." Penelope agrees. "You live sensually there. It allows your soul to rest."

Silver on springs? A joke? There is a straightforward point to be made here. Springs are common household machines. Although beautiful, silver is just as functional: Put it to work. It will never wear out—unlike a sprung spring. Every piece of silver on these pages could be in a well-equipped bar, but that is only for instance. Unless otherwise explained, all pieces here are sterling. *Left:* At full bounce, Oneida's silver-plated punch cup; large bowl with twelve cups, $150. *Right,* from left to right: two-ounce jigger by Gorham, $8.25. Stacked from the top: silver-plated pitcher by Oneida, $27.50; sterling "straw" by Gorham, $4.50; green enamel-lined punch cup by Towle, $29.75. Foxhead jigger, by International, $18.50. Barrel-shaped pitcher by Tiffany, $215, with, in it, bamboo-patterned bar spoon, $15.50. Ashtray-coaster by Towle, $7.25. Bamboo-patterned double old-fashioned cup, by Tiffany, $41.50. Weighty bottle opener by Lunt, $12.50. Trumpet-flared champagne cup by International, $40. Copy of a seventeenth-century cup, by Tiffany, $175. Strawberry-footed tankard, by Tiffany, $385. Copy of a seventeenth-century milk jug, by Lunt, $175. Caught on the bound, far right, top: thread-bordered mint julep cup, by International, $10. A unique dripless cup with glass fused liner, a gilded interior, by Reed & Barton, $33.50 a pair.

DAVID MASSEY

SILVER—
SPRUNG INTO ACTION

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

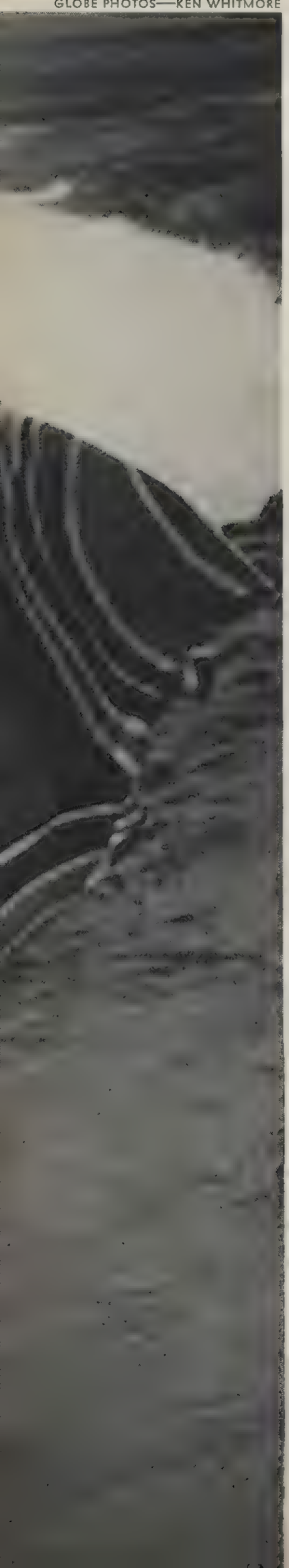
OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Whissh . . . Imagine . . . it's dawn. The sand is still damp with dew. Nothing is stirring except the first wet, warm breeze in from the ocean. You feel free. You own the world—you can run, leap, flutter like a butterfly. . . . Now. If you are going to play this scene you must have the proper togs. Here it is, a spectacular whissh of a culotte, sheerest cotton striped and circled in sun yellow, orange, turquoise, emerald, magenta, pink. One of a kind, made to order in about four days. About $85. From Palmer Brown's "Wearwithal" boutique, 8943 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. . . .



HENRY CLARKE

GLOBE PHOTOS—KEN WHITMORE



Madame Safia Tarzi (above) in one of her native Afghan costumes. She sometimes wears this, sans veil, when giving a dinner party at her house in Paris . . . the three-quarter dress of emerald green silk gallooned in gold brocade, tiny silk tassels, over black silk harem trousers. Necklaces of silver, gold, and strings of cloves . . . all exactly the 100% right mood for fashion now. . . . ***The Falaise family*** seated for a summer picnic portrait (right). Three fascinating faces, personalities. . . . In the centre, Maxime de la Falaise McKendry; her daughter Louise Fitz-Gerald; her son Alexis de la Falaise. All wearing cotton shirts and ties in the fresh, clean-as-a-Maine-breeze prints D. D. and Leslie Tillett are famous for. Shirts, $35, ties $8. From the Tilletts' new boutique "Portmanteau," 43 East 80th Street.



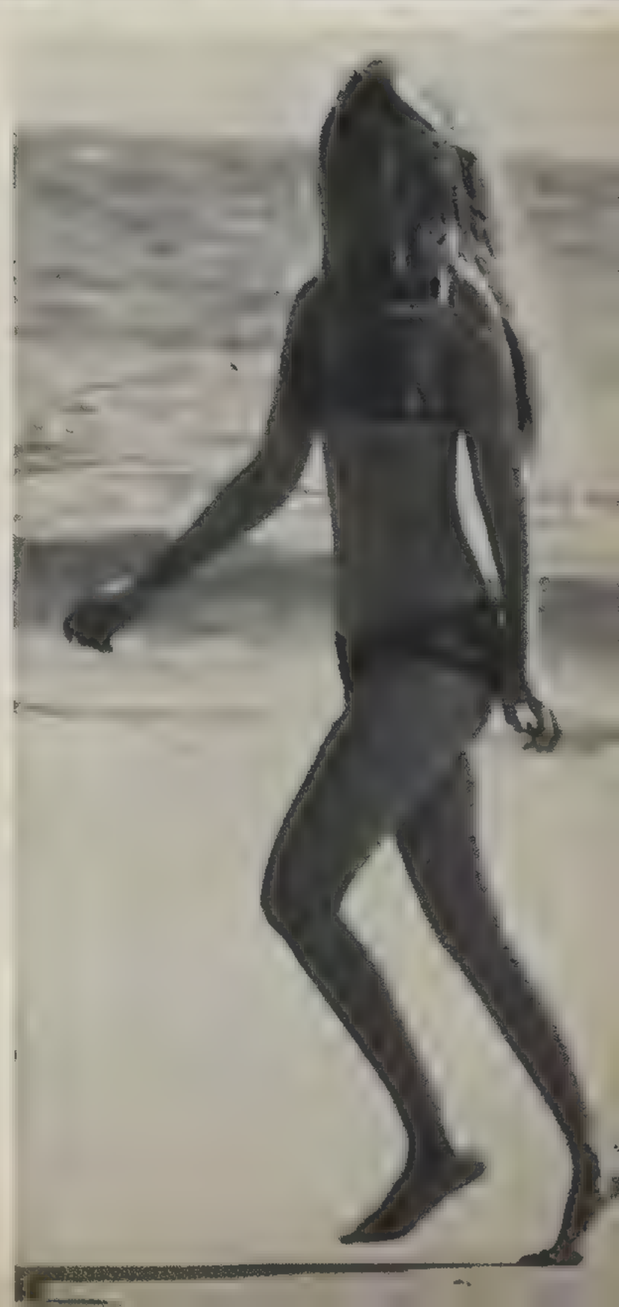
HOGENBOOM



Janie Holzer (right), our boutique super star in her super new bikini—black wool crochet, very revealing, but then, not really. $50, Abracadabra, 243 East 60th Street. . . . ***Madam Fitz-Gerald*** (left)—a valentine in her white eyelet antique dress and fluttering parasol. Found at the antique dress fanciers' heaven boutique, Harriet Love, 128 W. 13th St. . . .

More on next page

JACK ROBINSON



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Milan: It's great, it's alive with design.

Gulp!! is the boutique that helped set the pace, to make Milan the "London" or "Paris" of the Italian boutique scene. Like lots of good boutiques, Gulp!!'s décor is nothing to make you gasp, the gag stops with the name. But the merchandise is great, original. And the store is jammed. Gulp!!, 14 Via Santo Spirito. . . .

Mila Schön's boutique is maybe the most luxe, beautifully designed, modern boutique anywhere. . . . It's all *quality* like a Mila Schön coat, suit, or pants-tailleur. . . . Designed by François Catroux, it's beige, browns, the tonalities and textures of smooth leather or suède. . . . The clothes are little Mila Schön gems—for instance: a white double-faced fleece throw-over-everything cropped coat. About $200. Mila Schön, 2 Via Monte Napoleone. . . .

Cadette is the boutique for snapped-up versions of the Italian classica—knits. Actually, it's owned by an ex-Dior mannequin, English-born Christina, but her sweaters, skirts, suits, pants all have superb Italian line and colour and dash. The boutique itself is handsome too, designed by one of the best young architects, Gae Aulenti. Cadette, 20 Via Manzoni. . . .

Milan has so many boutique bunnies— we mean the girls are so *attractive* there, they understand about putting themselves together—that both the Dorothée Bis and Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques have Milan branches . . . Dorothée Bis at 27 Via Spiga, Saint Laurent (smack next to Gulp!!) on Via Santo Spirito.





Veneziani is the sequin queen. She knows more about making the shimmery, shiny, nifty. . . . Typical: the pearl- and diamond-sprinkled white organdie worn here by Mme. Philippe Leroy. About $100. Veneziani Boutique, 8 Via Monte Napoleone. . . .

Biki is bravura. In her boutique there are beach clothes that shout "ciao" . . . typical; pyjama costumes of mixed black and white polka dots, stripes, prints. Worn by Charlotte Hall and Vicomtesse Philippa de Nanteuil. At Biki boutique, 6 Via Monte Napoleone. . . .

Ken Scott, ah Ken Scott! He designs a glorious flower garden to wear—as a scarf, a shirt, a shawl, a dress, a bikini, a culotte, a tote bag, an umbrella. It's dangerous to go into his white, skylighted, grass-green-floored flower garden of a boutique—you'll want everything. And you can't resist. Or maybe just go look to be refreshed. Ken Scott, 37 Via Corridoni.



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ON SALE JUNE 27th

The Perfect Bosom

(Continued from page 91)

when the hormone balance is at a correct estrogen level. . . . In an article for Vogue, Dr. Robert A. Wilson, a pioneer in hormone therapy, wrote that some contraceptive pills do indeed help maintain and even restore the estrogen level. Dr. Wilson makes a vivid case, too, for the necessity of a woman's keeping up her estrogen level throughout her life. In his opinion, supervised hormone therapy during and after menopause may avert many of its disastrous effects; one that he names is shrinkage of the breasts.

Then, also, plastic surgery has made such tremendous strides in the last ten years. Plastic surgery on the breasts—mammaplasty—can now work a real magic for the woman with less than perfect breasts, whether they are too small or too large. And best of all, the techniques it has developed are safe as well as satisfactory.

The three common complaints that women make about their breasts are: they are too small; they are too large; or they have sagged and lost their firmness—doctors call this condition "ptosis." Women often develop ptotic breasts after childbirth, whether the breasts are large or small. Women with very large breasts can develop this condition even before they have children, simply because the breasts can not support their own weight. (One of our plastic surgeons informed us that this almost inevitably happens to the woman with the exaggerated "Playgirl" sort of figure.)

Plastic surgeons have developed two operations to deal with these conditions, or combinations of them: breast augmentation and breast reduction. Both of these are safe, and both have been improved in the past ten years. Breast augmentation is now performed by making a small incision in the inframammary fold (the crease under the breast) and inserting a sac of silicone jelly (proportioned to the patient) between the breast tissue and the chest wall. With proper healing, this sac unites itself with the tissue behind it and remains firmly in place; however, because it is behind the actual breast it in no way interferes with subsequent breast examinations.

Breast reduction requires something like a sculptor's skill from the surgeon. There are two methods of surgical reduction in use. In one, the excess breast tissue is actually amputated and that which remains is remodelled into the desirable shape; then the nipple is grafted in place on the newly formed breast, and with healing, it regains its sensitivity to touch, and even its erectility, though the function of lactation is lost. In the second operation, a keyhole-shaped flap of skin, including the nipple, is excised from the breast; the remainder of the breast is reshaped and tissue removed; then the nipple is reset at a more aesthetically pleasing point on the breast. In this operation, the patient retains the ability to breast-feed her babies.

For either operation, the patient receives general anaesthesia. She will probably be on the operating table from one to two hours for augmentation; three to four for reduction. The augmentation will require greater immobility afterward than the reduction operation, because the prosthetic sac needs time to unite with the body tissue. Once she is out of bed, the patient can look forward to resuming her normal activities in about two weeks.

What about finding a doctor? Finding a plastic surgeon is in no way different from choosing any other specialist; one normally asks one's regular physician for a referral, or if one hears about a plastic surgeon through some other channel, one certainly asks one's own doctor to check on his reputation. Costs? In New York, breast re-

(Continued on page 114)





So terribly important is the way you look. Quite frankly — will your facial appearance only become older-looking rather ungracefully? *Or* will it look toned, firmer, facially well-groomed? Improving your image is entirely up to you. Hopefully, you will let Zeigler facial care help.

This woman actually tidied up a number of "year signs" with Zeigler care, as you see in these unretouched photos:



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The Perfect Bosom

(Continued from page 113)

duction, which is the longer and more difficult of the two operations, can cost from $1,000 to $2,000, depending on the surgeon, his degree of competence, his professional standing, his place in the medical hierarchy of medical schools and hospitals, and other considerations of this order. The fee will include aftercare. Breast augmentation costs between $750 and $1,250. Across the country, the range in fees will not depart too much from these figures.

What do women say who have undergone mammaplasty? Are they satisfied? Would they do it again? A team of Johns Hopkins plastic surgeons and psychiatrists did a follow-up study of such women which was reported in a journal of plastic surgery. The women's responses were overwhelmingly positive. Here are some of the things they said:

"I feel more confident—more self-contained. Much of the terribly desperate need to prove my worth to others, as well as myself, has been relieved."

"Padded bras were hot and uncomfortable and I felt insecure—fearing they would slip or 'someone would know.' "

"I have better sex relations with my husband—am less self conscious since this operation."

"I no longer feel sexually deformed. My own deep psychological problems are easier to view with some kind of objectivity."

What kind of woman goes to a plastic surgeon hoping to have the shape of her breasts changed? The answer is that she isn't of any one particular category. She may be an adolescent who feels she can not relate to anyone of the opposite sex until she has more of what she believes will make her a woman. Or she may be a small, slight girl with very large breasts out of proportion to her figure. Very often she is a wife and mother whose breasts have lost firmness after the birth of children. Is she likely to seek these operations for neurotic reasons? Not often, doctors seem to agree. It is not common for the plastic surgeon to refer his patient to a psychiatrist unless her behaviour is very obviously bizarre. Sometimes he will advise against surgery, reassuring her that her breasts fall well within the category of the normal, that they are in fact pretty breasts and her expectations are exaggerated—she may feel that her small but well-rounded breast is somehow inadequate in male eyes. In a study by another group of surgeons and psychiatrists from Johns Hopkins having to do with body image and plastic surgery, a warning is given: "Patients may be motivated to request elective surgery when external stress becomes difficult to manage due to some transient situation. Adult women may request augmentation mammaplasty when their marriage is in jeopardy, for example. Careful evaluation is necessary to avoid operating on the patient whose only expectation is that others will behave differently towards her as a result of surgery. A waiting period prior to surgery tends to assist in the evaluation."

But more and more, as these operations become more common, safer, and more successful, the woman who wants a breast operation is quite simply a woman who wants to have prettier breasts—according to her own notion of what pretty breasts are. If she goes to a well-trained plastic surgeon who performs numbers of mammaplasties (as she should) it isn't at all likely that she will meet with the kind of puritanical disapproval which used to meet the woman who requested surgery in the interests of nothing more "serious" than beauty. The needs of the psychic self have become a reality to modern doctors, and surgeons as well as psychiatrists recognize that well-being has to do with looking well as much as with the simple absence of physical pathology.

Wig and Wiglet Life—Some Facts of

Guidance, here, for those who may be buying a first—or fifth—piece of ready-to-wear hair. (Other details, page 85.)

When buying a real-hairpiece, make sure the hair has been attached to the base in the same direction in which it grew; otherwise it won't conform as well to shape and style. Test: hold the hairpiece in hand, see if the hair swings freely with no arguments.

Cleaning of wigs depends on how often, and where, they're worn. Sea-air necessitates more frequent cleanings, likewise sooty cities. Synthetic hair is cheaper to maintain, can probably be washed by you or your hairdresser. Wigs can take rinses, but don't have one bleached—it's tough on the base. Your wig will probably need a haircut, for shaping. Don't be surprised if it needs a second cutting—the hair didn't grow, but it could stretch in length from brushing.

Listed here, some prominent U.S. makers of wigs and wiglets, sold nationally.

Joseph Fleischer—uses only real hair, worked mostly by hand.

Abbott Tresses—real or Dynel hair. Adolfo does some wig-styling for them. (This Dynel, all from one great source: Union Carbide.)

Joseph Marshall—real hair, also uses a new synthetic hair fibre known as Chapelli.

David & David—works with Dynel or Celanese acetate, also with real hair.

Lisa Wigs—real hair only, from Italy. Machine- or hand-made.

Reid-Meredith—synthetic hair only; they make the R & M Living Wig, and Dynel hairpieces.

Tovar-Tresses—real hair, Dynel, or Exelon—a new fibre.

Fashion Tress—real hair and synthetics with a new process called Miracle Fiber.

Richard Hartwich—real hair only, of all types. Sold in salons, not in stores.

Leon Buchheit—real hair only, of the finest quality and great workmanship—ergo expensive.

Cleopatra Wig Creations—real hair, European or Indonesian. Machine- or hand-made, a range of prices that run up high.

Ital-Hair—hand-made wigs and wiglets of real Italian hair. In beauty salons; expensive.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 98-101; other views, yardages, details)



1884 7292 1927 7345

Vogue Pattern 1884. Vinyl shirtdress—pattern has optional contrast buttons, trim. Sizes 8-18. Size 12: 2⅜ yards of 54″ fabric with or without nap. $1.50. Canada, $1.65.

Vogue Pattern 7292. Suède zip dress—pattern has optional trim at the low-cut armholes. Sizes 8 to 18. For short dress, size 12: 4 suède skins. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

Vogue Pattern 1927. Navy topped by white. (We rounded armholes, eliminated buttons.) Sizes 8-14. Size 12: bodice, belt, 1⅛ yds.; skirt 2⅛ yds. 54/56″ fabric without nap. $2. Canada, $2.20.

Vogue Pattern 7345. Navy crossed by white. Sizes 8 to 18. For size 12: dress, 1⅜ yards of 54/56″ fabric without nap; contrast, 1¼ yards of 54/56″ fabric without nap. $1.50. Canada, $1.65.

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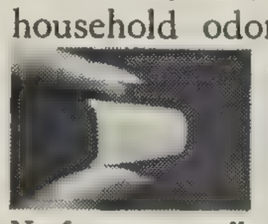
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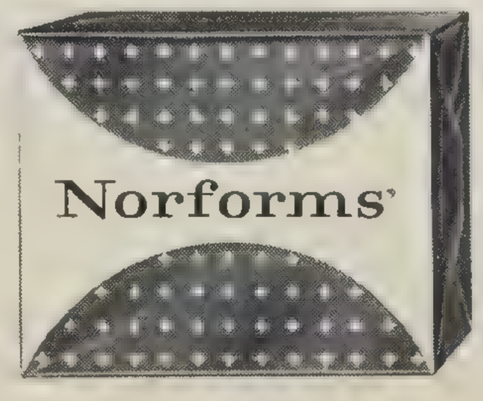
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Last Summer in Italy

(Continued from page 81)

even smaller one—and so forth, till finally, as a sort of kernel, it contained a very small box in which, on a rough wooden chair, the rough wooden silhouette of a man sat in melancholy. This "Space" of the young sculptor Mario Ceroli expressed most eloquently what we were bound to find in the other rooms: the space of utter solitude, the space of timelessness.

There was a nearly totally dark room of the ever-young Lucio Fontana into which only two string-of-bead-like stripes of tiny holes filtered the dim suspicion of a light as mystic, spacious, and oppressive as the multicoloured crepuscule in the apse of a Gothic cathedral.

* * *

"There is a legend," we wrote to our beloved friend whom we had abandoned in Venice, "that tells that the Palio of Siena was originally a tournament, founded by a Bavarian princess, Violante, who by marriage had become the ruler of Tuscany. She could not bear that the nobles of Siena fought one another in perpetual warfare that split the city in hostile quarters around their fortified houses, each crowned by one of those slim, high, sharp-edged towers that you may still find in San Gimignano and that gave mediaeval Siena the aspect of a porcupine.

"Princess Violante invited the nobles to carry out their enmity once every year in a gallant joust. As she was beautiful and gentle and gallant herself, the nobles of Siena obeyed her. In the course of time the tournament became more peaceable till finally it became a horse race.

"This is certainly not the historic truth. Many a century before Violante, who, as a governor of Siena, interfered in 1729 with a decree that regulated the administrative subdivision of the city of Siena in various *contrade*, these small communities within the community had regularly measured their forces in all sorts of tournaments, bullfights, donkey races, and an utterly violent ball game, *la pallonata*, which nearly always left a couple of people dead on the devastated field. Yet the *contrade* were not hostile fractions of the citizens but, on the contrary, collective contributors to the city's militia whose task was to defend the city.

"Each parish, according to its size and wealth, armed a certain number of men and had them drilled and commanded by a captain. Of course, each of the parishes was proud of its contingent and wished it to excel. Each had a flag and coat of arms—hence the fabulous names of the *contrade:* the Panther, the Shell, the Wave, the Forest, the Giraffe, the Goose, the Owl, the Turtle. . . . Altogether there are seventeen; ten at a time, chosen by lot, run the race.

"In its actual form this race has regularly been run since 1656 on the second of June. Since 1701, thanks to the initiative of the Goose, it is also run a second time, on the sixteenth of August every year.

"All this sounds soberer than the legend of Violante, even if it goes further back in time, to the days of the Guelfs and Ghibellines and, perhaps, even earlier. On the other hand, the legend of the beautiful and gentle Violante who tamed violence into a game is an image and, as such, a symbol that contains the essence of a certain situation. That is to say: It is more truthful than the barren revocation of reality. It may be unreal. Still, it is a reality in its own right. Of such kind are the realities that create reality.

"The crowd that assembles for the fifth and most important of the rehearsals (a sixth, final one, *la provaccia*, is run on the morning of race day) is almost big enough to fill the inner field of the Campo as well as the tribunes and canopied balconies and windows along the walls of the palazzi that enclose it. Someone who has not yet seen a real Palio may already catch the prevailing fever. Still he would not have a notion of what goes on at the actual race.

"The prelude is the solemn procession of the *contrade*. The yielding sun still broiled the multicoloured crowd to the rigidness of a Byzantine mosaic —a mosaic into which, like a slowly winding, girding snake, melted another stream of forms and colours: strange forms of

(Continued on page 118)

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Last Summer in Italy

(Continued from page 116)

armours, helmets, harnessed horses, banners flying, plumes, knights, knaves, pages (the angelic faces of Filippo Lippi), heralds in quartered coats, the profile of a *condottiere* fiercely looking out of a helmet as if out of a lion's jaws; stout, buxom, strong-legged town councillors in tattered soft hats and long fur-brimmed coats (the manly faces of Benozzo Gozzoli); wreaths, garlands, banners spinning in a whirl of fists and jumping legs, then shooting high up in the air to unfold their heraldic motleys and sail majestically down to be caught and whirled again.

"Squadrons of drummers like scornful bumblebees thundered their drumsticks on huge tambours flamboyant in green and orange, black and yellow, blue and white. Finally there came the slow, solemn tottering of four white oxen, dragging a car spiked by braying trumpets and towering, in a cascade of ribbons, a banner with the image of the Virgin—the Palio.

"This goes on for hours, milling your senses to the paradox of a stunned lucidness. It may be merely a procession of people in mediaeval disguise, a sort of folkloristic carnival. But every costume, every flag, group, blazon, armour has a vivid significance instantly recognized and greeted by ten thousand voices in an uproar of excitement. It is a flow of images each reflecting a reality, the emotional reality of a tradition carried on for hundreds of years.

"Such deeply rooted reality can not be denied, nor withstood; it drags you irresistibly under its spell. When the Palio, the race's prize and trophy, has passed by, there is a sudden moment of silence and motionlessness, a moment of tension like the tension of the strings of a lute waiting for another hand to make them play.

"The horses are brought in to the starting point in the left bend opposite the Signoria. This may already lead to the outbreak of some first violent fights among the spectators who, for weeks, have followed the intrigues of the competitors and now suspect that the jockey of the Snail is trying to get an advantage over the Porcupine, or favouring the She-Wolf too obviously. But the blow of a cannon will unleash a turmoil, stirring the Campo to a melting pot of colours that makes you aware that Jackson Pollock's drippings are images of a collective multitude of violences.

"We looked down at the race from the window of a palazzo in which the prior of the noble *contrada* of the Goose has his residence. Bending over the shoulder of a young gentleman, a Venetian who on his Sienese mother's side traditionally belongs to the noble *contrada* of the Eagle, we felt his body trembling in passion. We forgot we were trembling, too, holding his shoulder in a wild grip.

"It was no longer our will that made us react, gesticulate, exclaim. It was everybody's will and no one's, completely out of our control, guided only by the flash of blue and yellow, green and white, and black and red. In the sharp bend of San Martino, the horses huddled to a sudden scrummage, out of which rolled the body of a fallen jockey and lay still, while the scrummage disengaged and the flash of checkered harlequin dress and whirling hoofs shot down the straight and came sliding by. Another horse slipped and lost its jockey and continued the race unburdened.

"The Eagle led by several lengths for two of the rounds, but then his jockey held him, and the young man in the window pushed us away and shouted, 'He is bought, the scoundrel!' in a voice broken by despair. In fact, the Tower came up and passed the Eagle, followed by the Shell and the Turtle. They went into the straight and came out, then the Turtle used his heavy whip violently, beating the Shell out of his way and forcing the Tower to the outer side of the track where it slid and lost pace.

"Another blow of cannon marked the moment when the Turtle passed the line and we found ourselves in the arms of the prior of the Goose, while down on the Campo the Byzantine mosaic of the crowd flooded the race course and the streets.

"The sun had sunk beyond the roofs. Finally the day relaxed its tension. We went down to the street and were carried to the *contrada* of the Turtle.

"An old hag kissed us, shouting: 'My husband died this year. Never mind, it is the most beautiful year of my life!' A group of youngsters pushed us out of the way. They were led by a man who sang as if drunk with happiness. We followed them into the chapel of the *contrada*. The man had jumped on the altar. With his arms flung around the neck of Sant' Antonio, he cried, while they were kneeling down to pray.

"In the street, the drums still thundered. The flags and banners streamed to the cathedral. 'I'm a Communist,' a voice shouted. 'Never mind. Long live the Turtle!'

"Our young friend of the Eagle came by. His shirt was torn to rags, his face was bleeding: 'I just went to have a word with our jockey. Of course, he was bought, that swine. Well, he is in the hospital, now.'

"Out of a tavern into the street the celebrants had rolled some barrels with wine, offering it to anyone who passed. We took a glass and drank it to you, knowing now why you had let us go alone to Siena to be taught the lesson that a living past brought on to the present by tradition is Time's humane dimension. We drank another glass to gallant Violante who is said to have known so well that violence may be necessary in order to create reality, but that turning violence into a game is the true civic act, forming a community—*the* act of civilization.

"And we drank a third glass to Italy: that country in which time is never absolutely decided as a present that passes by the ticking of clocks and watches; where it is never determined whether the actual moment is real or just a reflection of something that may happen in the future, or may have happened in the past, or may not have happened at all, being just a reflection of the vagueness of human possibilities—thus making us just parts of humanity. After all, what we all seek is not reality but *truth*."

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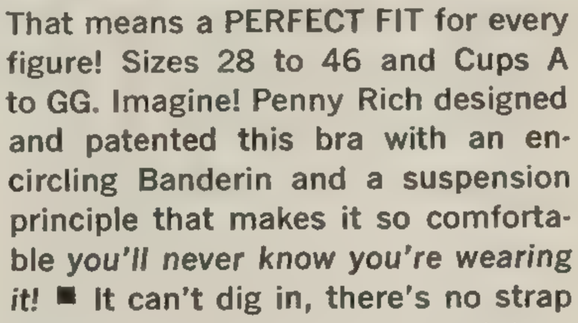
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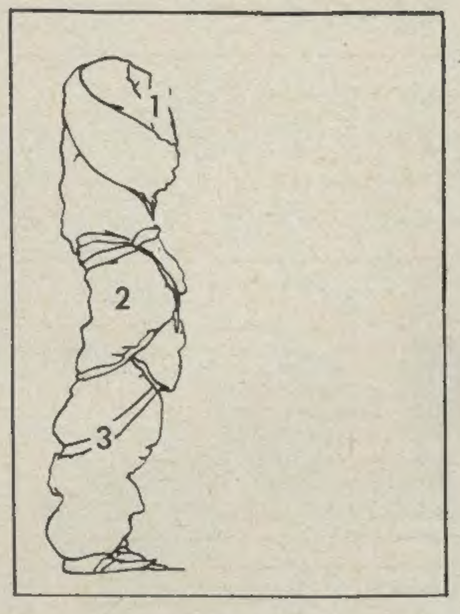
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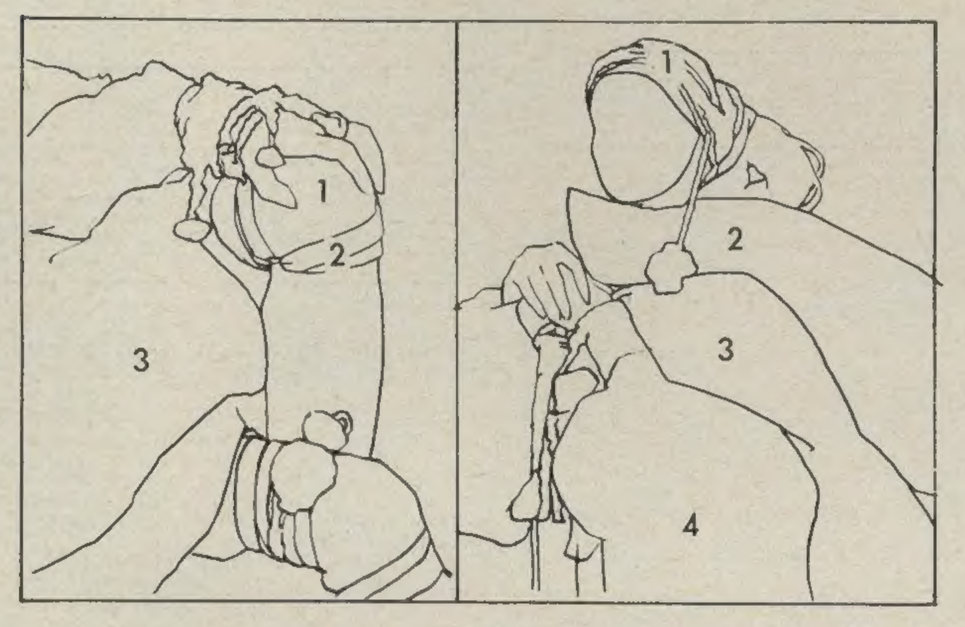
The magnificent mirage

Details of the fall and winter fabrics previewed on pages 66-73



Jersey-Swaddled Fur Mirage
Pages 66-67 combined

1. Held under wraps, masses of tawny vicuña—really a Georges Kaplan throw. 2. The wrap, itself, wild-honey Orlon—a whitened shade of honey for sweater knit by Alamac. 3. And tying it all together—thongs of soft, leathery, golden-brown polyurethane and cotton, wound round and round. Ginza by Paul Rotcage.



Mirage in Velvet Blues . . . Moiré Velvet, Oriental Cerise

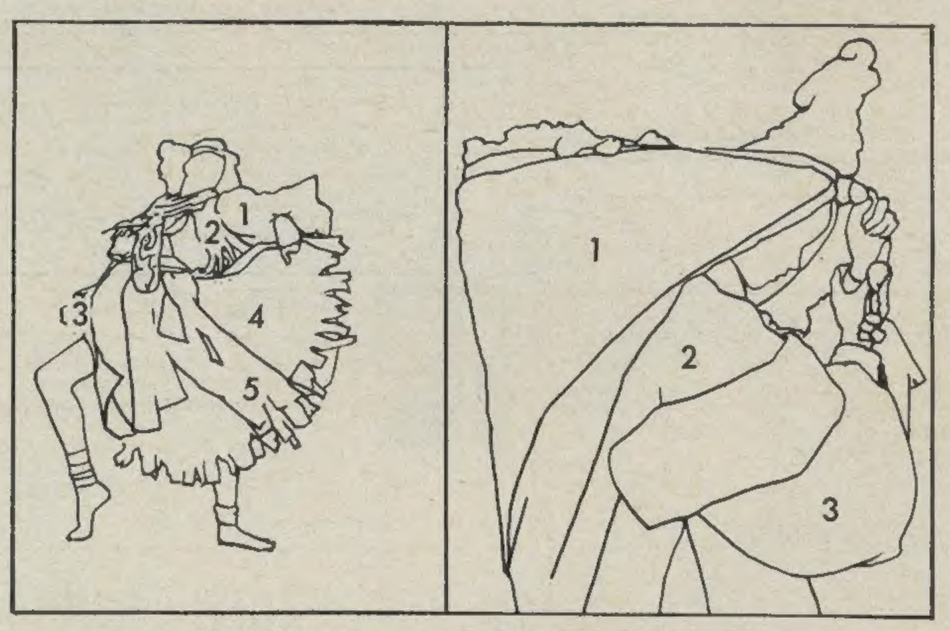
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1. New glovey-soft buff-colour vinyl. By Comark backed with Monsanto Blue C nylon. 2. Ripply yellow-green cotton moiré velvet, the newest velvet look. By Jacques Verron. 3. Baa, baa beige sheep—thick, fleecy wool. Warren of Stafford, loomed in America. 4. Silk from the East—vibrant Oriental cerise. Sona The Golden One.



Mirage in Regency Colours, Embroidery . . . pp. 70-71

1. Shaggy fake fur. Taupy-brown Dynel by Glenoit. 2. Golden embroidery on silk chiffon—a Turkish-delight of browns. Orceyre. 3. Coins of golden and silvery Lurex embroidery. Aristocrat. 4. Pink paillettes on pink-and-green lace. Wool, cellulose, Lurex, nylon lace. Whelan. 5. Chakla—ancient Indian embroidered fabric—bright colours, a bold pattern, and bits of mirror. Sona The Golden One. 6. Giant Paisley—glittery Lurex embroidery on green-and-gold Lurex organza. Aristocrat.



Mirage in Air Dancing Colours . . . Embroidered Extravagance

1. Fluid sunstruck-green crêpe. Rayon and Celanese acetate by Onondaga. 2. The action's on the surface, all brushed and fleecy—moss-green wool by Stevens-Worumbo, loomed in America. 3. Silk moire—a wavy blur of pattern in chartreuse. By Couleur. 4. Supple grass-green worsted jersey by Jasco. Knitted in America. 5. Impressionist print, impression of flowers—melting swirls of apricot and cerise on warp-printed silk taffeta. By Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. The silver-and-turquoise necklace by Indian Craft.

1. Cloth-of-luxe—diamond-patterned embroidery studded with sparkling jewels and set on a backdrop of black cotton ottoman. By Aristocrat. 2. Two sides to this story—light, fleecy double-faced wool. One side charcoal grey, the other buff—perfect Regency colours. By Anglo, loomed in America. 3. Cotton velveteen in the Regency spirit—a delicious shade of snuff for a short evening coatdress buttoned up close with brilliants. By Crompton-Richmond. The ornaments and jewellery are by Sant' Angelo, at Henri Bendel.



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